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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

TRUE NOBILITY.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD KNOWLES.

Who are the great, that boast a name
Superior to the poor of earth?
Ask rather how their honors came—
Whether by toil, or sudden birth.
The brows that shine with jewelled light,
Untasked by toil or weighty care,
May revel in their kingly height,
Yet grief and pain will claim their share.

Ah, they're the nobles of the earth,
Who scorn the fetters of the slave;
Who, changing to a higher birth,
Gird on the armor Honor gave.
Nor are they swayed from duty's path,
By kingly smile, or tyrant frown,
But with a pride learn they the wrath
Of monarchs, meant to crush them down.

Who, then, will fear a lordly line?
A kingly race of brother men?
Who, if fails their golden mine,
Will be but one of us again!
But rather mark the great and good,
Their deeds divine, of higher birth;
That *all*, linked in one brotherhood,
May be the *true* nobility of earth!

For the National Era.

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MARK SUTHERLAND:
OR,
POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. XIV.

But here upon this earth below,
There's not a spot where thou and I
Together for an hour could breathe.
Byron.

It was impossible that the discordant elements of social life assembled at Ashley Hall could harmonize for an instant. Of the family party gathered around the breakfast table, the pale, beautiful India assumed a mask of smiles—Mr. Ashley wore a look of anxious perplexity he did not care to hide—Mark Sutherland appeared self-possessed, but was too conscious to feel really at ease. Colonel Ashley was secretly annoyed, to find the re-union around the breakfast table not quite so cheerful as might have been expected. Mrs. Vivian was vexed at the general tacit antagonism, and resolved, if this should last, to bring her visit to a close as soon as possible. Nevertheless, she kept up an irregular fire of wit and repartee, to prevent the party falling into dead silence. Rosalie alone was truly at ease. She was totally ignorant of any cause of disunion in the circle, and too much absorbed in her own infinite content, to notice signs of disturbance among those around her.

When breakfast was over, the little lady drew Rosalie off into the piazza, and away up to the honeysuckle-shaded end, where no one was likely to come but the honey bees.

"And now, Rose," she asked, "what is it? Your eyes have poured streams of light all breakfast time, like sun glances; they have projected rays wherever they have fallen. Now, what's it all about?"

"One should be merry in wedding times!"

"Merry in wedding times! Look here, Rosalie! Some marriages are made in heaven, some on earth, and some—*in the other place*. But it was not merriment, but profound, still joy, that lighted your eyes, Rose! Now, what was it all about?"

"Mark loves me, mamma!" whispered the girl, hiding her face upon her step-mother's shoulder.

"Now, that's the most absurd thing I ever heard in all my life!" exclaimed the little lady, shoving her off, and walking rapidly away with a highly flushed cheek.

Rosalie knew her too well, and trusted her too thoroughly, to feel any anxiety. She walked behind her, put her arms around her waist, and, bending forward, looked up smilingly into her eyes.

"You needn't think to get the better of me that way, Rose! It is ridiculous, I say! What do you mean to do with this love?"

Rose folded both hands over her bosom with a look of unspeakable content. Both look and gesture were involuntary.

"Aye, hoard it away, treasure it deep in your heart, I suppose you mean. Silly girl! Well! what is to be the end of it all? What practical object do you propose to yourself? When ever do you expect to be *married?*"

"Whenever Mark asks me, mamma!"

"It is just madness!" exclaimed the lady, impatiently. "He has not a dollar!"

"Yes he has! All that I have, mamma!"

"All that you have! Do you imagine, for an instant, that your guardian will give up one cent of your property during your minority? No! he will even stop your allowance, if you become the wife of Mark Sutherland!"

"Why should he do that? It would be very unjust!" said Rosalie, raising her eyebrows with surprise; "it would be unnatural! monstrous! My guardian, Mark's own uncle! Oh! surely, having discarded him, he will not pursue him with persecutions."

"*Will he not?*"

"No! I will never believe it!"

"He will fill up the measure of his animosity—believe that! Clement Sutherland did not appear at the breakfast table this morning. Can you not surmise the cause? He has many bad reasons for hating his nephew. He hates him for his political opinions, for his anti-slavery principles, and, more than all, for having had the power to give up the beautiful India. Clement Sutherland worships his beautiful daughter. And he hates Mark for not having laid upon her shrine the most precious jewel of his soul—his integrity. And now, with the opposition of your guardian, who is invested with such power over your fortune, what have you to expect, in giving yourself to Mark Sutherland?"

"I do not know; I shall leave it all to Mark. It is no conditional promise I have given him—no half faith I have pledged him. I have given him the full and complete control of my destiny. I could not help it. All that was within me—heart and soul and spirit—sprang to him when he called me. Mamma, it is a word often abused, but at this moment my soul throws it irresistibly upon my lips—I *adore* Mark! And now, amidst opposition, persecution, desertion, he must know that there is one who will follow wherever he leads—one heart that will cleave to him, in joy and in sorrow, in life and in death."

At that very instant, the boy brought the mail-bag, intruded upon them, and handed Mrs. Vivian a letter. As soon as her glance fell upon the superscription, her face flushed to the forehead, and, for the moment forgetful of Rosalie, she hastened away to read it.

While this confidential conversation was going on between the young step-mother and her daughter, another scene, portentous with fate, transpired in the study of Colonel Ashley. As that gentleman was leaving the breakfast-room, a message was brought him from Mr. Clement Sutherland, desiring the favor of a few moments' private conversation with him. Colonel Ashley returned word that he would be pleased to see Mr. Sutherland in his study. Thither he immediately proceeded, and thither soon followed his guest.

Clement Sutherland entered, with a forbidding and foreboding scowl upon his brow.

Colonel Ashley instantly arose, set a chair, and invited him to be seated.

Clement Sutherland, without unbending the sternness of his features, bowed, and sat down.

"I trust you are in good health this morning, Mr. Sutherland," said the Colonel, urbanely.

"I am well, sir," replied his guest, coldly.

"I was sorry to miss you at the breakfast-table this morning. I trust my little girl made you comfortable in your own apartment?"

"Thank you, sir."

Colonel Ashley was silenced and repelled for a little while by this churlishness on the part of his interlocutor, but speedily recollecting that it was his guest who had sought this interview, he inquired, with some reserve of manner—

"Can I be so happy as to serve you in any way this morning, Mr. Sutherland?"

"Who recommended that young man whom you have engaged as a tutor?" asked Clement Sutherland, curtly.

Now, Colonel Ashley might well have been exasperated by the impertinence of this question, to make some indignant answer, but Col. Ashley was a gentleman and a host; he replied with the utmost courtesy, yet in a manner that administered the keenest and most delicate rebuke. Looking at his guest, he said, slowly and with meaning, "His *name* recommended him, Mr. Sutherland."

"That is just what I feared! That is the one thing, unhappily, of which we cannot deprive him, and makes us, in some degree, responsible for him! Pray, sir, did you know anything of this young man's past history?"

"Nothing."

"You fancied him a relative of ours?"

"Certainly."

"Now, then, will you be so kind as to give me your attention for a few minutes?"

Colonel Ashley settled himself in an attitude of fixed interest, and Clement Sutherland commenced a narration of some considerable length, which, at its close, left Mark Sutherland with the character of a graceless son, a faithless lover, an unprincipled man, and a mad reformer.

"Sir," said he, in conclusion, "you should not give him house-room for an hour! He will pervert your children, steal the heart of your neice, sow fatal dissension between your son and his wife, and incite your slaves to revolt!"

Colonel Ashley went through all the degrees of incredulity, doubt, perplexity, and alarm, exclaiming, "I should never have believed it of him! He does not look at all like an incendiary!"

"Sir, an incendiary does not parade his combustible matter before your eyes, and *look* like he was going to fire your house!"

"He does not seem to me to be at all dangerous."

"Sir, dangerous people never *seem* dangerous."

"I rather liked the young gentleman, I confess," said Col. Ashley, slowly and hesitatingly.

"Sir, would you like your children to imbibe Anti-Slavery principles? Would you like your slaves incited to rise and cut your throat? Would you like an estrangement and separation brought about between your son and daughter-in-law? Would you like your neice to elope with a fanatic?"

"Mr. Sutherland, I must say that you shock me beyond endurance. You ruthlessly grasp subjects that a man of honor and delicacy scarcely likes to touch. You have dealt severely with the young man, also, in your speech. He may be an enthusiast—enthusiasm is a fault appertaining to youth and genius—and, moreover, persecution is not at all to my taste; it is always the growth of cowardice. I am as far from the spirit of persecution as I am from the spirit of fear. I do not *fear* that my children will be perverted, my negroes maddened, my neice infatuated, or my son and daughter divorced, by the presence of this high-souled but mistaken young gentleman in my family. I told you that I liked Mr. Mark Sutherland, and I cannot hate him to order. Nevertheless, as it is not expedient that one formerly betrothed of Mrs. Ashley should be here to annoy her by his presence, I will see the young gentleman, and arrange our—the speedy termination of our engagement."

Mr. Clement Sutherland expressed himself satisfied, arose, and left the room.

Colonel Ashley remained with his head upon his chest, in an attitude of serious thought, for a few minutes; then, pulling the bell-rope, he summoned a servant.

"Go," he said to the man that entered, "and request Mr. Mark Sutherland to favor me with his company here for a few moments."

The messenger went out, and in search of the tutor.

Meanwhile, Mark Sutherland was in his own room, engaged in reading a letter that had arrived by the morning's mail. It was from his old college friend, Lauderdale. It was a very long letter, being the first that he had written to Mark Sutherland for more than two years. He began by reproaching Mark for dropping the correspondence, and leaving him in ignorance of his whereabouts. He next informed his friend that he owed his knowledge of his present residence to a happy accident—namely, to information given him by a fair lady, with whom he had been so fortunate as to maintain an epistolary correspondence; that he expected soon to arrive at Ashley Hall, on a visit to this fair friend, from whom he had received an invitation. (Here a jealous pang shot through the heart of the reader. "A fair friend"—might that be Rosalie? Had *she* kept up a constant correspondence with Lauderdale? And had she even invited him to the house? He could not endure the suspicion for a moment. No, not even if it were only a cool, friendly correspondence. He could not endure that Rose should be on friendly terms with any man except himself.) He read on. The letter proceeded to tell him all that had befallen the writer since he had last written; how he had settled in a Western country town; how, after some difficulty, he had been admitted to the bar, and how he had already got into a tolerably lucrative practice. Finally came the most startling news of all, viz: that two months previous, he—L. Lauderdale, Esq.—had come into the possession of an estate of sixty thousand dollars, by the demise of his godfather, a widower without children or near relatives, and who, dying, bequeathed him the whole of his considerable property. "I do not fully realize this event, dear Mark," he wrote; "I cannot realize my personal interest in it. All I *do* feel—but that is much, that is everything—is, that now I may go to Ashley Hall, and lay myself and my fortune at the feet of my fair friend, the beautiful widow, Mrs. Vivian."

Mark took a long, deep breath.

"What do you want, sir?" he said, looking up, and for the first time seeing Col. Ashley's servant standing in the room.

The man delivered his message, and Mark promised to attend Colonel Ashley soon, and dismissed the messenger.

He resumed his letter. There was little more to be read, but that little was full of fate.

"It matters not to me, now, dear Mark, what quarter of the country I live in. That shall be decided by the will of my fair queen, Valeria. One thing is certain—this 'law shop' and this village must be given up. My evacuation of the premises will leave a fair opening for any enterprising young gentleman who may choose to fill it. What say you?" If you are still 'seriously inclined' to the ingenious profession of the law, let me know. If you are disposed to step into my shoes, you will find them not much worn, with not even the gloss off, only the creak and harshness taken out of them a little. Think this over, so as to be able to give an answer by the time I see you. You may expect me soon."

Full of thought, Mark Sutherland folded up his letter, and went to the study of Colonel Ashley.

The old gentleman received him with a degree of kindness almost paternal. He arose and took his hand, and requested him to be seated. Then, after some delicate hesitation, he said—

"I was not, until this morning, aware of the very interesting relations which you once sustained towards a young lady—your cousin—now the wife of my son. You were once engaged to be married to Miss Sutherland, I hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, seating himself, in a calm, unembarrassed manner; while the old gentleman scrutinized the expression of his countenance, without finding anything there to displease him.

"Will you object to informing me of the cause of the disruption of that engagement?"

"Certainly not, sir; we differed upon the subject of slavery. She took part with her friends, and—we parted; that is all."

"You mean, my honored young friend, that when called to do so, you made a stupendous, an unprecedented sacrifice of fortune, family affection, and love, for the sake of duty, of principle—mistaken principle, perhaps, yet still principle. Was it not so?"

Mark Sutherland bowed.

"My dear young friend, *we differ in opinion*; but I highly respect you. I earnestly pray that you may be set right, or *that I may!*" said the old gentleman, warmly, as he held out his hand to Mark, who grasped it, pressed it, and let it fall.

"Mr. Sutherland, in every exigency of your life, I pray you to consider me as your friend and father, ready always to serve you with counsel or assistance of any kind. I have fancied that, since the unexpected rencounter of last evening, you might have something to propose; or, rather, that you might *wish* to propose, yet be withheld by some exquisite sense of honor and delicacy. I entreat you now to waive all considerations save those of truth, and speak freely to me."

"I had something to say to you, Colonel Ashley, and, under the circumstances, the approach of the subject was, as you rightly inferred, extremely difficult to me. I thank you for having opened the way," said the young man, *totally misapprehending him*; then, after a moment's hesitation, he went on to say—"You have doubtless surmised the nature of the communication I had to make to you. It is, that I love your niece, Miss Vivian; I have told her as much within a few hours past, and have her permission to entreat your sanction of our engagement."

Colonel Ashley sprang from his chair, shoving it behind him, and stood gazing with astonishment upon the young man—with simple astonishment, unmixed with regret or resentment. At last—

"How long has this gone on, sir, without my knowledge?"

"I fancied it was *not* without your knowledge, sir. Our association has been very open. I fancied, from your own words, that you expected the communication I have just made," said Mark, with a surprise almost equal to his own.

"No, sir, no! my words referred to a totally different matter, which I shall explain presently," replied the old gentleman, resuming his seat, with a somewhat changed manner. "So you have addressed Miss Vivian?"

Mark bowed.

"And won her consent to be yours?"

Another bow of assent.

"Humph! well—so I have been truly warned, after all! Pray, Mr. Sutherland, have you ever tried to instil into the minds of my sons, your pupils, any of your own opinions in respect to slavery?"

"I have never named the subject to them, sir. I have endeavored to cultivate in them principles of truth, justice, and mercy, and left the application of those principles to that subject to time and circumstances."

"Humph! Have you ever convened my colored people, and preached insurrection to them?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mark, with the indignant blood purpling his forehead.

"Nay, nay! don't look so. God knows, if you had done so, I should have sought no vengeance, young man."

"Colonel Ashley, I am neither mad nor unprincipled, however I may have been misrepresented to you."

"I believe it, Mark! I quite believe it. I will not examine you upon the *fourth charge!* Heaven knows what demonstrations of indignation would meet my question, should I ask you if, poet-wise, you had endeavored to awaken in Mrs. Ashley's memory any sentimental reminiscences of the past?"

Mark smiled.

"Yet, nevertheless, my dear young friend, it was upon *that subject* that I wished to speak to you. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley will make this house their permanent home. My son's wife will be the mistress of the establishment, of course. Will it be pleasant for you to meet them in daily, hourly, intercourse? I have seen it written, that 'Friendship often turns to love, but love to friendship never.' A brimstone sentiment, I admit. Still, I can imagine cases and characters to which it is applicable. For instance, I do not think it possible for you and your cousin ever to be friends."

Mark was silent.

"You do not speak. Do you perchance imagine that you two could live comfortably under the same roof?"

"Colonel Ashley, I know we could not."

"That will do; we understand each other. And I leave all the rest to yourself. I will speak with you again to-morrow. In the mean time, do me the favor to let Miss Vivian know that I wish to see her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Mount Vernon, Michigan, May 3, 1853.—For the encouragement of those interested in the advancement of Free Democratic principles, I would just say that, at the last November election, the vote in this town, Washington, stood—Whigs, 80; Democrats, 128; Free Democrats, 115. At the annual township election this spring, the Free Democrats organized and nominated a full ticket for the first time, and the result was that the entire ticket was elected, against the Whigs and Democrats united, by a majority of a little more than twenty over them both. So much for the circulation of true principles. E. C.

Troy, Madison Co., Ill., *May* 7, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Dear Sir: The following resolution was passed by the Alton Presbytery, (New School,) at its late sessions in Brighton, April 23d, 1853. It passed unanimously, and, as near as may be in an ecclesiastical court, by acclamation. The discussion arising from it occupied the whole afternoon session, and excited the deepest interest in an intelligent audience. The principal cause of debate and argument was, how to express with the greatest energy our hatred of slavery. I have been requested by some of the most respectable of the audience, not members of Presbytery, to forward to you the enclosed resolution, and respectfully ask its publication in the invaluable *National Era*.

N. B. The Alton Presbytery is the largest in Illinois. Yours, sincerely, John Gibson.

Extract from the Minutes of the Alton Presbytery, Illinois.

Resolved, by this Presbytery, That as Christians we approve of "the Law of Love," and object to its violation on the part of citizens or their representatives. We believe that slavery, as it exists in these United States, *is sinful*. We therefore cordially disapprove of the act passed by our Legislature at its last session, respecting *immigrant negroes*, as not only *unconstitutional* as we believe, but also oppressive, odious, unchristian, and inhuman, and is calculated, to all intents and purposes, to render Illinois a slave State. Passed unanimously.

Brighton, April 23, 1853.

Late English papers state that Douglas Jerrold is about to visit America.

The French Government maintains forty thousand four hundred and twenty-eight priests, at an annual expense of about nine millions of dollars.

For the National Era.

LIVE AND LEARN.
A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

BY NEALE BERNARD.

Live and learn!
Live as though each fleeting minute
Held your precious fate within it;
Live as though God's eye was on you—
Never off you, still upon you,
Wheresoe'er ye turn;
Live so evil will flee from you—
Live and learn.

Live and learn!
Live in truth, and living learning
How the Right from Wrong discerning;
Live as though 'twere little distance
To the brief end of existence,
Whence ye never may return;
Live in faith and true consistence—
Live and learn.

Live and learn!
Learn from nature God's first lesson,
Else can man make slow progression;
Life is hardly worth the living,
Mind nor reason worth the giving,
So lethargic unconcern
Stealthily drowns the senses striving
Truth to o'erturn.

Live and learn!
Still remains there time and season
For the growth of right and reason,
For the trusting, never tiring,
Ever hoping, still aspiring,
Wheresoe'er we turn;
Strictest guard the mind's requiring
To live and learn.

Live and learn!
Live with might and mind's commotion,
Blended with the heart's devotion,
In the wise and holy trial,
Serving God with self-denial;
For his richest blessings yearn;
Time glides swiftly o'er the dial—
Oh, live and learn!

Troy, N. Y., January, 1853.

For the National Era.

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GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.
No. 37.

Rome, *March* 31, 1853.

My Dear Mr. M——: We commenced the sights of Holy Friday by visiting the *Scala Santa*, at St. John Lateran. This is declared to be a flight of steps from the house of Pilate, and the very stairs down which our Saviour passed, in going from the judgment-seat. On almost any day, you can see many miserable creatures, doing penance by ascending these on their knees; but to-day, the throng was unusually great. I should suppose, from the number we saw while there, that two or three thousand may have gone up between matins and vespers. A priest afterwards told us twenty thousand; but, with the allowance one must make for priestly estimates in such matters, it amounts to about the same thing. The real stairs, which are of marble, are, after all, not touched by the profane knees of the penitents, but are covered with boards, which it has been necessary several times to renew. I believe that some very plausible proofs are given of the genuineness of this great relic; but, to know it all that good Catholics believe it, would not in the slightest degree affect my feeling as to the wrong and degradation connected with the use to which it is put by the Church. If Christ walked down these steps as a martyr and a malefactor, it was not that his followers, to remote generations, should crouch before them, and crawl up them, painfully, with tears, and prayers, and groans—it was not that they should be made a holy show of, by means of which the miserable pittance of the peasant and the toiling widow's mite should be wrung forth.

A fat priest sat in a sort of box, near the door of the chapel, to take the money; and not until we had answered the hungry rattle of his canister by a contribution, were we allowed to ascend the side staircase, to watch the penitents as they came up. I should say there were about fifty who did the ascent during the fifteen minutes in which we stood there. Among these there was a wonderful variety—richly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, beside the poorest peasants and the most squalid beggars—the old and miserable, the young and beautiful—the soldier and the student, the belle and the *religieuse*—all crawling slowly up, in the same wretched abjectness of superstition and false humility. There was one old dame who told several beads on every stair, and regularly prostrated herself to kiss it—an operation which considerably interfered with the speedy and comfortable progress of the other penitents.

At the top of the stairs lay a large crucifix of porcelain—a rude, ghastly figure, with the wounds in the feet, hands, and side, gaping and highly colored, and the dead face dripping with bloody sweat. Behind this stood a second trap for tribute—a huge metal platter, which rung out alarmingly loud when a coin was dropped into it. As the penitents came up, they prostrated themselves, and kissed the crucifix, on the wounds of the feet, the side, and the hands—then rose, invariably deposited a pious offering in the platter, and proceeded to adore, at a grated window which looks into the *Sancta Sanctorum*, a private chapel of the early Popes, which is held so sacred that women are not allowed to enter it, on any account whatever; and for that reason you may always see them lingering longingly before that grated window, like peris at the gate of Paradise. Among many wonderful relics preserved here, is a portrait of Christ, taken at the age of twelve, by a very old master—no other than St. Luke—and said to be a perfect likeness.

Among the penitents was a fine-looking young man of twenty—fashionably dressed, carrying in his hand an elegant beaver, and wearing white kid gloves. He went through his penance with wonderful expedition—avoiding, with a good deal of ingenuity, the vulgar herd of his fellow-sinners—and was brushing the dust from his knees with his perfumed handkerchief, before the prostrating and *paternostering* old lady, who had started before him, was half way up. In passing the crucifix, this devout exquisite seemed to look only for a clean place, and selected a retired spot on the right side. The reluctance and involuntary disgust expressed in the face of this young man, throughout his penance, convinced me that he must thus be expiating no inconsiderable peccadillo. Behind him toiled up a poor, tattered, fever-stricken peasant—one of the most wretched and woful objects I have ever beheld. His long black hair hung wildly about his emaciated face, his thin blue lips muttered prayers, and from his hollow eyes dropped tears of grief and penitence. He prostrated himself at the crucifix, and, with a touching humility, kissed alone the feet. Of all the kisses imprinted there that day, this seemed to me the only one which Jesus must have felt. Before, I had looked on with simple curiosity, or with a wonder approaching to contempt; but, at this sight, I felt such sorrow and pity that I could not restrain my tears. My only consolation was, in thinking of that blessed moment, evidently not far distant, when this poor man, here wickedly defrauded of his birthright of manhood and happiness—despised, oppressed, a Pariah of poverty and disease—shall come into the presence of his loving master, friend, and brother, and "see Him as He is."

Altogether, this holy staircase, crowded with penitents, is one of the most melancholy sights I have ever beheld.

From St. John Lateran we went to witness what is called the *Three Hours' Agony*. These are services of music, prayer, and preaching, performed in churches darkened, with the exception of the altar, behind or before which is some effective representation of the crucifixion. In the church of *Jesù* it was a large white statue of Christ on the cross, standing out fearfully against a black background. At the church of San Roch there was a regular stage scenery—the mount of Calvary at night, with the dead Christ and the two thieves, in awful solitude. The music at both these churches was very fine, but the effect we had expected to see produced by the preaching was not forthcoming. Formerly, priests selected for their eloquence, taking for the subjects of discourse the sufferings and death of Christ, wrought themselves up to a high pitch of excitement, and carried their susceptible audiences with them, till the scene often resembled those at a Methodist camp-meeting—with groanings, and prostrations, and passionate weepings. But to-day, though the priests exerted all their eloquence, pathos, and dramatic power—clasped their hands, prayed extemporaneously, flung their arms toward heaven, pointed again and again to the crucifixion, burst into loud sobs, always weeping into immense red silk handkerchiefs—there came but cold and partial responses from the crowd. There was some decorous crying among the women, and occasionally a young man confessed to being touched in his sensibilities, by blowing his nose till all rang again; but, considering the extraordinary outlay of eloquence and gesticulation, the returns were discouragingly small.

On this day, we had seats in the choral chapel at St. Peter's, to hear the *Miserere*. This chapel is considered, I believe, very fine; but I cannot say I admire it greatly. It is chiefly remarkable for a display of legs in its architectural decorations. Gigantic angels, in stucco, occupy, apparently, the most untenable positions on the edges of cornices and arches, and above windows, with their legs, very strongly modeled and boldly posed, hanging over. But, as though to restore the balance of things, on the wall are curious arabesque figures, wholly wanting in the usual means of perambulation, but terminating in flourishing grapevines—so admirably drawn that it is really difficult to tell where the angel *leaves* off and the grape-vine begins.

The *Miserere* in this small chapel was more powerful and brilliant, but far less sweet and solemn, than that of the Sistine; indeed, I have heard nothing which approaches, in meaning and beauty, in tenderness, pathos, and melancholy grandeur, that first *Miserere* of the Pope's chapel.

This evening, his Holiness came to St. Peter's to adore the Cross and the relics, and the Cardinal Vicar gave absolution then, to all who, after having confessed, knelt before him in humility and supplication. He sat in a high chair, and touched each penitent with a shining rod, "and straightway he was made clean"—spiritually, alas, not physically.

We concluded the day by going to the church of *San Luigi di Francese*, where we were told the *Stabat Mater* was to be performed, but where we found ourselves—to use an expressive vulgarism—completely "sold," hearing no *Stabat Mater*, but being blocked in by a crowd, and forced to listen to a sentimental French sermon, an hour long.

Early on Saturday morning, we witnessed at the Baptistery of St. John Lateran, the baptism of a young Jewess, by the Cardinal Vicar. This ceremony was beautiful and interesting, but, with those which followed, of too mysterious and complicated a nature, to a Protestant, for clear comprehension, or vivid description. The convert looked deeply serious, as well she might, for the step was a momentous one to her. She was dressed very richly in white brocade, with a white fillet on her head, and a veil which hung to her feet. Her god-mother was the Princess Orsini. After the confirmation, which took place in the church, we saw several curious rites performed—orders conferred on young priests by the laying on of hands, anointing, and the first tonsure. In this latter, the Cardinal Vicar cuts small locks of hair from the heads of the young men, in the form of the cross.

At one period of these ceremonies, when the Cardinal Vicar knelt before the altar, one order of priests knelt on the steps behind him, and a lower order behind them prostrated themselves on the floor of the chapel, stretched out at full length, their faces in their prayer books. They lay thus for at least a quarter of an hour, chanting, or responding, in strange, smothered voices. There was something odd and oriental about this scene, which I shall not soon forget.

High mass in St. Peter's, on Easter Sunday, was a brilliant, gorgeous, and joyous religious show. The entire church was hung in crimson and gold, the pictures were uncovered, and extra lights and fresh flowers on every altar. The Papal throne and the canopy above it dazzled the sight with magnificent decorations; the Pope, cardinals, bishops, abbots, guards, all were in high, holyday splendor, in honor and joyful commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. By the bye, speaking of Easter Sunday, we noticed in a little Catholic prayer book, the other day, a sentence, so oddly worded and abbreviated, that it startled one by its apparent profanity. It states—"*This day, J. C. out of limbo.*"

There was the usual amount of incensing, and chanting, paying of homage, "*toting*" about of the old Pope in his *sedea gestatoria*, with the elevation of the Host, and the blowing of silver trumpets, as at Christmas. But the finest sight of all was the benediction.

A little before twelve, we left the church, and went out into the great piazza, where a vast concourse of people were waiting to be blest. The centre of the place was occupied by the troops, surrounding them were various crowds of citizens, peasants, and strangers, on foot, and outside of all were ranged the carriages.

The sun was shining resplendently, the fountains leaping toward the bluest of heavens—all was peace and brightness—the mercurial Italians seemed to forget their slavery in the very presence of their masters—even the poor peasant, rousing for a time from the slavish stupor of his degradation and want, appeared to claim his share in the hope and happiness of the occasion. The Pope came out upon the balcony with much state and splendor, borne in his great chair, which is like a portable throne. He read the benediction, which was rather an elaborate form, I believe. We were not near enough to hear more than a sort of solemn murmur, which came to us by snatches, but we could observe his Holiness, at the close, cross himself three times, lift his hands toward heaven, fold them on his breast, stretch them out over the people, a decent proportion of whom were kneeling. Then the guns from St. Angelo boomed forth, the bell of St. Peter's rang out joyously, the drums beat, the trumpets pealed, and that immense assemblage, so silent and motionless a moment before, stirred like the waves of a sea from which a calm has just been lifted, heaved sluggishly at first, then mingled, and poured itself away. Altogether it was a scene which must live long and brightly in my memory—not for the imposing appearance of the Pope and cardinals, for at that height and distance they looked like a set of *Marionetti* performing high comedy on a lofty little stage; not for the benediction, or indulgence—for I had small faith in the one, and I trust no especial occasion for the other; but for the really grand sight of that varied and picturesque crowd—so densely packed in the great piazza, that, on looking down upon it, it seemed one vast mosaic of human heads; and for the brilliant confusion of the close—the tumultuous and jubilant break-up.

In the afternoon there came on a terrific rain-storm; but it slackened up toward evening, so that we drove over to St. Peter's, in some slight expectation of seeing the illumination. The piazza was very dark and dismal, but there was evidently some preparation for lighting up. The rain ceased, and for nearly an hour the heavens were clear, and the stars came out, as though curious to see what sort of a glare and spurt of light would be brought out in rivalry of their serene and eternal brightness. But gradually there came up, just behind St. Peter's, a heavy black cloud, which for a time only threatened to give grander effect to the illumination, but which rose and rose, and spread and spread, till it covered the whole heavens, and curtained off the stars for the night. Suddenly, with one common consent, that great expectant crowd broke up in disappointment, and scattered in haste, but not in time to escape the storm borne heavily in the bosom of that cloud, which came down in thick sheets, in actual strata of rain. Monday was also unpropitious; but on Tuesday night the noble display came off, under the most favorable circumstances. We were on the ground at an early hour, and watched, almost from the beginning, the curious process of lighting up. At first, we could distinctly see the workmen swarming over the vast edifice, let down by ropes from lofty cornices, swinging and running like spiders, about the most perilous places. But as the twilight deepened, we lost sight of the agents, and all seemed to go on by magic. The lights, which were tapers, in small paper lanterns, climbed the pillars, stole in and out of the sculptures of the capitals, arched over the windows, ran along the cornices, scaled the dome, mounted to the summit, and sprang out on to the arms of the cross. At last it seemed to stand complete—every line and angle and curve of that wonder of architecture seemed to live out in light. But the sight, though beautiful, was not grand or dazzlingly brilliant. The building actually looked smaller than usual—the innumerable tapers shone softly, and twinkled like stars. It was as though the church had been rained upon by a meteoric shower; or, as though the milky way had wound itself about it, from summit to base.

But at the second illumination, instantaneously, universally, the vast building and the long colonnades leaped from that soft-shaded light into living flame. It seemed that the sacred fire had descended upon the cross, which first blazed forth, or that it had been lit by lightning. Great glorious lights burst out of the darkness in a thousand unsuspected places, some pointing steadily toward heaven, some streaming like red banners on the winds of night. They swung between the pillars of the colonnades, they throbbed among distant shadows, they flashed on near columns and cornices, they made the dome look like a globe on fire. There was something so marvellously beautiful, so almost incredible, in the sight, that I was quite overwhelmed and bewildered, half questioning if it was not some splendid illusion of the senses, some gigantic fairy phantom, some wondrous unreality. My friend, Mrs. S——, has since told me of a remark made by her little son, in the height of his childish excitement, which admirably expressed this feeling: "How beautiful! how beautiful! Oh! mamma, *I don't believe it!*"

It was a singular thing, that the farther we went from St. Peter's, after this, the larger it appeared, till it seemed to have grown into a great mountain of light. Seen from the Pincio, it was grand and beautiful beyond all imagination. We remained on this height till very late, and left reluctantly at last, thinking, with real sadness, that those glorious lights would burn away into the morning, and we never see them more.

April 4th.—The fire-works which were due on Easter Monday, but were postponed on account of the weather, came off last night, from the Pincio. From the windows of Mr. Cass's house, which command an admirable view, we witnessed this most magnificent display. I had never beheld, I had not even conceived, anything in the way of fire-works half so grand. Though they only lasted about an hour, there was a wonderful variety in forms and colors. It opened with an illuminated cathedral, which almost rivalled St. Peter's. Then there were thousands of rockets, and serpents, and wheels, and Roman candles, and fiery fish sent swimming through the air; and at last came the Girandola—a mighty irruption of rockets, a sort of mimic Vesuvius, but a sight of surpassing splendor. Throughout these displays, there was an incessant discharge of bombs, from the Pincio, where they are fired in hollows, some six feet below the surface of the ground. Perhaps for this reason the reports were tremendously heavy, and to me by far the grandest part of the entertainment. The ghostly statues on the hill, and the immense concourse on the Piazza, were every now and then lit up by the many-colored illuminations, with an absolutely awful effect. As far as I could judge, only the foreigners were greatly excited by the scene; the people seemed to take it very coolly, as they had the illumination of St. Peter's.

After all, I believe that it is but sullenly that they submit to being amused, instead of being liberated; and with this conviction is my heart most cheered. I rejoice in their sullenness, in their sadness even; and if I could see in them more manly pride and stern determination, I would hope for them against the world.

I close this letter reluctantly, for with it terminates my correspondence in the *Era*. Some time since, I made an engagement to furnish a series of letters for another journal—*The Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia—but I find that neither my time nor my health will allow me to carry on the double correspondence. So I am compelled to close the one in the *Era*, as I open that in the *Post*. To such friends as have followed me thus far in my pilgrimage, but can go with me no farther, I say adieu! to you, *au revoir!*

Grace Greenwood.

NEW MEXICO—GOV. LANE—MR. BARTLETT.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The *proclamatory* seizure of the Mesilla Valley, by Gov. W. C. Lane, of New Mexico, has, for a few weeks past, been exciting much attention, and has called forth from many of the newspapers—the *Era* amongst others—some pretty severe censures upon the conduct of that official. In attempting any defence of, or palliation for, the conduct of Gov. Lane, I wish it distinctly understood, that I am not actuated by any *political* motives whatsoever. Politically considered, so far as I can claim any political creed, Gov. Lane and myself do not harmonize in feeling or action. But when the rights or claims of *New Mexico* are concerned, we of that Territory know neither Whiggery, Democracy, or Free Soil, but as the one or the other may give us most security for those rights.

In a communication written a few days since for the Washington *Union*, I endeavored to set forth the *ground* upon which Gov. Lane based his action in the seizure of the Mesilla. I did this upon personal knowledge of the facts, and from conversation had with Gov. Lane upon this subject, a few days before I left Santa Fe.

Subsequently to writing that communication, my attention has been called to a letter from Mr. Commissioner Bartlett to the *Providence* (R. I.) *Journal*, and which has been paraded in the newspapers as "confirmation strong as holy writ," of the indefensible nature of Gov. Lane's conduct.

As to what may be the *rightful* boundary line between New and Old Mexico, that is a question upon which my own mind is not fully satisfied. But admitting the views of Mr. Bartlett to be entirely correct upon this point—viz: as to what *ought to be* recognised as the line—still, it seems to me that it does not affect, one way or the other, the question of the rightfulness of Gov. Lane's action.

In all the criticisms I have yet seen upon Gov. Lane's conduct in this Mesilla matter, there appears to me to be one radical error. That error is, in supposing that Gov. Lane *assumed to settle the question of boundary.* What are the facts? Gov. Lane declares that "the United States had virtually asserted a right of sovereignty over all the territory in dispute." Was he correct in this? Mr. Bartlett admits that a committee of the Senate had reported unfavorably to the line as run by the Commission. After quoting the fifth article of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to prove that the action of the Commission was final—a position the absurdity of which is its own refutation—he admits that the sanction of the two Governments was necessary to give it force, for he says: "Gov. Lane is quite right in supposing 'if the Board had assigned the city of Chihuahua and the country north of it to the United States, or the city of Santa Fe and the country south of it to the Mexican Republic, the action of the Board would not have been regarded as final;' for such an assignment would have been at variance with the treaty and the treaty map."

Now, this is clearly a begging of the whole question, for the question is, *What is the treaty line?* Mr. Bartlett contends that the line run by *him* is the line of the "treaty map;" while an intelligent committee of the United States Senate, supposed to be as well informed upon the subject as Mr. Bartlett himself, perhaps, report that Mr. Bartlett's line is not the treaty line. And Congress, if I remember correctly, sanctioned this report, for, in voting an appropriation for the expenses of the Board, they appended the *proviso* that they *did not thereby* SANCTION *the line as run by Mr. Bartlett.* But if they did not sanction that line, then they disapproved of it; and if they disapproved of it, they did, in the language of Gov. Lane, virtually repudiate and nullify the action of the Board, and assert a right of sovereignty over that portion of the Territory. At least, *they did not admit the right of Mexican sovereignty over it.*

Gov. Lane, as the highest functionary of the United States in New Mexico, was *bound*—as the representative of our Government, appointed for that purpose, amongst others—to see that all rights and claims of our Government were maintained. Mexico was in a state of revolution, the results of which were all uncertain. It was a duty of Gov. Lane to see that, in such a state of things upon our border, no right of ours should be sacrificed—no Territory of ours invaded—no citizen of ours disturbed in the enjoyment of his rights or possessions.

Congress had "virtually asserted a right of sovereignty over" the Mesilla Valley. A revolution had overthrown the existing Government in the State of Chihuahua, and the successful usurper was extending his jurisdiction over the disputed territory. Gov. Lane visits the scene of action, and the inhabitants of that disputed slip claim the protection of the United States, as citizens of the United States. All the *official* action of our Government, which Gov. Lane had before him, was the action of Congress above alluded to. The very luminous exposition of Mr. Bartlett had not yet come to light, and would have been of no possible consequence if it had, so long as it had not the official sanction of Congress.

I ask, then, if Gov. Lane, with the light before him, was not justified in asserting, not what *he* deemed our just right, but what he considered the *Government itself* had so decided? Yours, truly, W. G. K.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At the anniversary meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York, on Wednesday, 11th May, deeply interesting speeches were made, by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, its President, Lucy Stone, and Wendell Phillips. No disturbance was attempted, Captain Rynders not being present to take the interests of the Church and State under his protection.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher came forward, in reply to repeated calls, and said he had resolved not to say anything at this meeting; but it was one thing to resolve to get up in the morning, and another thing to do it; and it was one thing to resolve to be silent, and another thing to restrain the tongue. He felt an emotion of gladness in such a meeting, with one common object, though they might differ about the means. They at least agreed that Slavery was an accursed abomination against Christianity; but he could not agree with his friend, Mr. Phillips, though he was always charmed to hear him speak; and he found it much easier to dissent from his arguments than to answer them. [Applause] He has a feeling that will not let him come on that ground. He has, perhaps, more hopefulness than he, and would propose to himself a country not forever having this dark plague spot. He proposed a country not less than from lake to lake, and a little more, and from ocean to ocean, that will boast of having freedom, not for the sake of making slaves, but freemen. [Cheers.] He was ashamed that Slavery should have been introduced—not *introduced*, for over that we have no control—but that it should have sprung up with the rapidity of a fungus, and the strength of an oak. If he had the choice, he would cut the country in two, for one-half would be better than nothing; but he hoped, nay, by his faith in Christ, he believed, that we should not be always a slaveholding country, and so a free country, yet undivided. He had faith that, in time, this may be effected; the power would be found in Christianity to riddle the system of Slavery. Was it wrong in him to say, if he had the choice, whether Slavery should be abolished in fifty years, not by Christianity, but, to the shame of Christianity, by self-interest, or in seventy-five years by the means of Christianity, that he would prefer it to linger twenty-five years longer, that God should be honored, and not Mammon, in its destruction? Who ever could argue that Christianity was not in favor of liberty? What was Christianity but liberty? It was not in favor of, it was liberty itself. Christianity had been defamed by misinterpretation, but would not always be so. Children would stand on that platform, and thank the power of God, which, through the cross of Christ, had done what could not be done by Mammon.

Frederick Douglas was then called upon, and, on coming forward, was loudly cheered. He said: I will not detain you more than a very few minutes, at this stage of the proceedings. I experience great pleasure in appearing before an audience in the city of New York, at the anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I rejoice that it has again taken place among the anniversaries of this month. I regard it as an earnest of our future triumph. I rejoice that this is so. There has been much said this morning, as to the hopeful and the fearful sides of this great contest with Slavery. I feel both hopeful and fearful. It seems to me that the slave power has determined upon fixed and definite policy with regard to the colored people of the country. They appear determined to suppress the freedom of speech, to expatriate every free colored man and woman from the United States; and they seem determined, also, on the perpetuation of Slavery forever in the Southern States. They are determined to make Slavery respected in every State of the Union. The history of the past few years is not unfavorable to some of these designs. It seems to me Mr. Phillips is right, when he tells you that the Fugitive Slave Law has succeeded; he is right when he pictures to you the ruin that has followed in its track. Hundreds and thousands of men and women have virtually had their property confiscated, and have been driven forth, wanderers on the highways of the earth, by this law. But to make the law respected in the North, cannot be done by law. The relation of master and slave is so shocking, so monstrous, that men cannot look upon it with respect; they cannot look upon the slave as on any other piece of property. No law, no enactment, can ever blot out the manhood, and the consciousness of manhood, in the slave, [applause;] and he never can feel, when he sees him escape, as he does when he sees a loose horse. They endeavor to bring all others to look on him as a horse or an ox; but that can't be done. They endeavor to secure peace to the slaveholder; the slaveholder cannot have peace. "No peace to the wicked, saith my God." [Applause] They might silence the voice of Wendell Phillips, or the pen of Lloyd Garrison; they might cut out my tongue, and gather together all the Anti-Slavery literature in the United States, set a match to it, and scatter its ashes to the four winds; but then the slaveholder will be ill at ease. "Thou art verily guilty concerning thy brother." I cannot resist the hopeful, the fearful, yet I have faith. I believe it will be crushed. I take this assembly as a guarantee that, ere long, no chains will clank in our ears.

The President then made a few remarks. He said he agreed with Mr. Beecher, in believing that Slavery was inconsistent with Christianity; and for this belief he was an infidel, in the judgment of the American church. His friends both agreed with him; but Mr. Phillips

dwelt in an ideal world, while Mr. Beecher looked more to the real. This assembly would have been illegal in some of the States; but he rejoiced at it. There had been much applause for good sentiments, and hisses for shameful facts. It proved, moreover, much to his gratification, that they could have an Anti-Slavery meeting in the city of New York.

There were some calls for Abby Kelly, but she did not come forward; and the Chairman declared the meeting adjourned.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1853.

The following named gentlemen are authorized agents for the cities of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston:

Lewis J. Bates, 48 Beekman street, New York.
William Alcorn, No. 626 Lombard street, Philadelphia.
G. W. Light, No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.

TO OUR READERS.

☞ We leave, next Saturday, in the steamer Baltic, for Liverpool. With little intermission, we have been working in editorial harness for the last seventeen years, and we need some rest. Our purpose is to continue abroad about three months, and during that time we may occasionally communicate with the readers of the *Era*.

Meantime, we have made ample provision for the paper, which, during our absence, will be under the editorial charge of Dr. ELDRIDGE, A. M. GANDEVER, and J. G. WHITTIER.

Mrs. Southworth will not close her story till July. About that time we shall commence the publication of an original story, entitled "*The Anglo-Saxon Serf, a Tale of the* ——— *Century*," by Henry W. Herbert, (Frank Forester,) a writer too well known in the literary world to need a word of introduction. This production will run through the latter half of the volume.

The attractive series of Familiar Letters from the West Indies will be continued; and there are on file several short stories and sketches, and numerous poems, which will appear, from time to time, as there may be room.

The engagement of our brilliant correspondent, Grace Greenwood, having terminated, we shall take the earliest opportunity to secure, while abroad, the services of some able writer, well qualified to supply our readers with just and comprehensive views of the social and political life and vicissitudes of Europe.

Having thus made ample provision for the Literary and Miscellaneous Departments of the paper, the gentlemen to whose conduct we temporarily intrust it, will take care to maintain its present position on the great question of Human Rights, and on other moral and political questions.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

People are beginning to understand the importance of this publication. The first number will be issued in a few days, and specimen copies will be sent to our local agents, so that they may put it in circulation at once.

We repeat, *single* copies to subscribers will not be received. Send for a club, and order it to one address.

The postage is a trifle—only half a cent a number, six cents a year, paid in advance, at the office where the paper is received.

Many of our friends of the press, without distinction of party, have published the prospectus, or taken favorable notice of it. We render them our thanks, and shall send them the publication. A few of our editorial friends of the Free Soil press have not noticed it, probably from inadvertence. The monthly is not intended to supply the place of a weekly paper, it cannot do it.

Our readers will see, from a glance at the "Southern Platform," in this and last week's *Era*, what kind of matter will compose, in part, the *Facts for the People*. It will be a repository of "things new and old," worthy of circulation and preservation. Look again at the terms, and then act.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE.

Our subscribers will see that we take them to be real working people, disposed to give a lift to every good work. While we are laboring to launch the *Facts for the People*, there is another enterprise, in which we have no personal concern or interest, but whose importance to the cause of Freedom justifies us in urging it upon their attention. We mean, the establishment of a German Anti-Slavery Newspaper in this city, to be conducted by FREDERICK SCHMIDT, a native German, and to be devoted to the support of Independent or Free Democracy. Mr. Schmidt, by his learning and experience, is eminently qualified for the post of editor, and the following Appeal will show the backing he is to receive during the first year of the enterprise:

APPEAL TO ESTABLISH A GERMAN PAPER AT WASHINGTON.

The Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, propose to establish a weekly Anti-Slavery Newspaper at the Seat of Government, in the German language, to be edited by Mr. Frederick Schmidt, a native German, and a man of learning, Christian principles, and editorial experience, who has resided in this country twenty-one years. With the aid already secured, the sum of the three thousand dollars will be sufficient to publish the paper one year; after which, it will rely upon its subscription list. If the undertaking prove successful, the sum contributed will be returned by Mr. Schmidt to the Committee, and by them expended in circulating the paper gratuitously among the German population.

It is earnestly hoped that there will be found one hundred friends of the cause who will immediately remit thirty dollars each, to make up the above sum, so that the paper, so greatly needed, may be issued, if possible, by July 4th, 1853. But any sum, be it more or less, will be gratefully received. Remittances may be made to Buell & Blanchard, printers of the *National Era*, Washington; to William E. Whiting, Esq., 124 Pearl street, New York, treasurer of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; or to the undersigned, 48 Beekman street, New York. For the Committee:

LEWIS TAPPAN,
Corresponding Secretary.

The following statement has been handed to us by Mr. Schmidt, and it sufficiently exhibits the importance of the movement.

"The number of the inhabitants of the United States, who use the German language as a medium of intercourse, is at least four millions—the great bulk of whom dwell in the Northern or free States. Among them are circulated above one hundred German *political* papers, together with quite a number of religious, literary, scientific, and agricultural periodicals.

"Although the German population is generally, if not unanimously opposed to the further extension of Slavery within the United States, their aversion is more the product of an innate feeling than of an enlightened understanding—more a disapproval of the cruel facts which have reached their ears, than a condemnation of the perverted principles from which they emanate.

"The public press is in fetters, and subservient to the behests of the leaders of the respective parties. Public opinion is influenced, indeed formed, in order to insure party success, and not to elicit the truth and cause its application. Hence the German population are at present enchained to the triumphal car of the Slave Power, and the innate feeling in favor of human freedom lies dormant.

"It is a characteristic of the German mind, that it seldom is influenced by excitement, but open to conviction by means of sound argument.

"The cause of Human Freedom calls for the establishment, at the seat of the National Government, of a German newspaper devoted to the support of its claims. Such a paper will be the instrument of bringing, directly, the claims of human rights before a population containing one-fifth part of the Northern voters.

"The publication of an Anti-Slavery paper, in German, conducted on Christian principles, entitled '*The National Democrat*,' will be accordingly commenced in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, on the 4th of July, the birthday of our National Independence.

"It will be edited by Frederick Schmidt, and published by Buell & Blanchard.

"While due attention will be paid to Current Events, Congressional Proceedings, General Politics, Literature, Fine Arts, Science, and Agriculture, it will especially endeavor to invite a full discussion of the Slavery Question, in its religious, moral, social, and political bearings, and exhibit the duties of the Christian and citizen in relation to it. Especially it will explain and advocate the leading measures of the Free or Independent Democratic Party—but in love and truth—not for the triumph of Party, but for the establishment of Truth.

"The journal will be printed weekly, on a mammoth sheet, in great beauty, on new and handsome type, at the rate of two dollars a year, in advance.

"All necessary arrangements have been made for giving stability to this important enterprise, and it is hoped that it may command the warm sympathy and prompt support of the friends of Liberty throughout the country."

With our permission, the prospectus and the first number of the *National Democrat* will be sent to every subscriber to the *Era*. Let each one act as an agent in introducing it to the German population. There are few who have not some German neighbors, to whom, in this way, the paper may be made known.

To some, it may seem impolitic for us, just when we are invoking the aid of our subscribers in getting the *Facts for the People* in circulation, to call upon them also to assist in another enterprise, of no personal concern to us. But we shall trust them. The more good one does, the more he can do. His zeal and his ability grow with his accomplishments. To extend the list of the *Era*, to give the *Facts for the People* a hundred thousand circulation, to put the new German Anti-Slavery paper into operation, and to support the local press, are all coincident, not conflicting, duties. There is room for all, there is time and zeal enough for all.

Just so soon as our subscribers shall receive the prospectus and first number of the German *National Democrat*, let each one who has German neighbors go straightway among them, and get at least one name for the new paper.

We are requested to say, that *all business letters in relation to the Democrat, are to be addressed to Buell & Blanchard, Washington city, D. C.*

"THE ANGLO-SAXON SERF—A TALE OF THE ——— CENTURY."

On the first of July, or on the completion of *Mark Sutherland*, we shall commence the publication of a story, entitled "THE ANGLO-SAXON SERF, *a Tale of the* ——— *Century*, by Mr. HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, one of the most popular authors of the country. The theme possesses peculiar interest, and it will be handled by a writer as familiar with the social condition of England in the age referred to, as Mrs. Stowe has proved herself to be with the social condition of our own country at the present time. The story will occupy not less than seventy-five columns of the *Era*, being published in portions of about three columns every week.

We announce it in advance, so that those of our subscribers whose times are about expiring, may by prompt renewal secure the whole of this story, and that new subscribers may send in their names in season for the second half of our volume?

MAIL IRREGULARITIES.

We have our paper for Cincinnati mailed regularly on Tuesday afternoon of every week, so as to go out in the train of cars that starts at five o'clock. That train connects with the evening train of cars from Baltimore for Cumberland at the Relay House, which reaches Cumberland the next morning at three o'clock, and Wheeling in the afternoon at two o'clock. At two o'clock, Wednesday, of every week, then, the bag of *Era* for Cincinnati ought to be in Wheeling, and the next day in Cincinnati. At the very farthest, it should be ready for distribution in Cincinnati, Friday morning. But it never reaches there, as we told, till Saturday; and, some time since, it did not arrive there till the next week after it was mailed here. This irregularity we brought lately to the notice of the General Post Office Department, and we have reason to believe that the timely interposition of the Second Assistant Postmaster General has regulated the matter. Still, the bag reaches Cincinnati one day later than it ought. How this happens, we cannot understand, unless the mail route suffers it to go on to Baltimore, instead of taking it out at the Relay House. If it go to Baltimore, it will be thrown over one day, for the next mail train for Wheeling does not leave till the next day, in the evening.

From Mount Pleasant, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, we have lately received several urgent appeals concerning the irregularity in the time of our paper, which, instead of reaching there on Friday, as it used to do, and ought always to do, is now often a week behind the time. Having failed to find out the cause of this evil, we have laid the subject before the Department, and trust to its energy to supply the remedy. The papers for that place should go *direct* from here to Cumberland, in ten hours, and certainly in a day from there to Mount Pleasant. They are put up regularly, in a bag marked for Cumberland, every Wednesday afternoon, so as to go by the train that leaves at five o'clock, and connects with the train from Baltimore that reaches Cumberland the next (Thursday) morning, at three o'clock. If the mail agent neglect to take them out at the Relay House and put them on the cars for Cumberland, or if, when they go to Baltimore, and are thrown over one day, necessarily—how many more, we know not.

A few days since, having occasion to go to the West, we took the cars here at six o'clock Monday morning, for Cumberland, with the intention of going on the plank road route from that place to Pittsburgh. We arrived at Cumberland at half past four o'clock, and found that the stages would not start out till the next morning at three o'clock. We learned, further, that they occupied the day, chiefly, in going sixty miles, to West Newton, where passengers would have to wait for the boat till next morning, at eight o'clock, which would probably reach Pittsburgh some time the same day. So that, starting from here Monday morning at six o'clock, we should reach Pittsburgh the next Wednesday evening. Rapid travelling! Now mark—this stage line has a contract for carrying the mail to Pittsburgh from Cumberland, and it takes about two days to perform the duty; when, by proper management, it could put it through in fourteen or fifteen hours! Why will the Post Office Department be thus trifled with?

Finding it necessary to change our route, we proceeded, Tuesday morning at three o'clock, on the cars to Wheeling, which we should have reached by two o'clock, but for an accident, which delayed us till four. We had supposed that there was a connection which would at once put us on our way to Cleveland, but the company does not seem to understand its own interests. Instead of having a steamboat ready to convey passengers and the mails immediately to Wellsville, connecting with the train at that place for Cleveland, so as to put both there at ten o'clock on the evening of the same day, it keeps them lying over in Wheeling all the afternoon and night, till the next morning at eight o'clock, when they are put on board a boat more interested in freight than anything else, and which has so many places to stop at on the river, that it may or may not make the cars at Wellsville. The day we were on her, she was obliged to put us ashore at a station three miles below Wellsville, where so brief was the time allowed us, that some of the baggage was left on the shore. In this way, the mails from Wheeling to Wellsville, and places beyond, are thrown over regularly one day, and are liable to be thrown over two. Is it not shameful?

The mail routes need a complete revision, the mail contractors constant supervision, and the mail agents thorough overhauling. We hope the Post Office Department will turn its attention to these matters. Much is to be hoped from the energy and fidelity of the Second Assistant Postmaster General, who has special charge of the routes.

ARE WE APOLOGISTS FOR THE MEXICAN WAR?

The *Independent Democrat*, Concord, N. H., says that we have made "a very long and labored apology for Mr. Corwin's whole course in accepting and holding a place in Fillmore's Cabinet." This is wholly untrue. Every reader of the *National Era* knows that we have never directly or indirectly excused, but have disapproved and lamented, the acceptance, by Mr. Corwin, of a Cabinet appointment.

We are pleased to see that the Independent Democratic Press of Ohio, generally, seems disposed to render justice to Mr. Corwin. It recognises the fact that his position under Mr. Fillmore's Administration was antagonistic to the cause of Freedom, and it has manfully censured Mr. Corwin for occupying it—but it is too just to countenance groundless accusations against him, and too considerate to run down a man who has never intended to stand in the way of our cause.

We have a word now to say to those Free Soil papers that have given currency to Mr. Clay's Letter, and especially to the two papers, that have censured us for correcting in it what we know to be erroneous statements. Are you aware that Mr. Clay, in that letter, indirectly justifies his participation in a war which he denounced as atrocious? that he gives endorsement to the clamor of the war-press about the phrase "bloody hands and hospitable graves?" and that he stigmatizes one of the noblest speeches ever made by Mr. Corwin in the Senate? He does all this, and yet you give it currency and sanction. For example, speaking of Mr. Corwin, he says—

"His now slaveholding friends will gather some idea of his sentiments, when they review his celebrated speech in the Senate, *where he awarded me and other volunteers in Mexico, his aspirations of 'bloody hands and hospitable graves!'*"

Mr. Clay made as great a mistake in volunteering in that war, as Mr. Corwin did in entering Mr. Fillmore's Cabinet; but Mr. Corwin did not *award him any such aspirations*. He said, that *if* he were a *Mexican*, he would welcome the invaders of his country "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." And would not Mr. Clay have done the same thing, if he had been a Mexican? The sentiment embodied in this burning phrase of Mr. Corwin, is sanctioned as sacred by every American citizen who believes in the right of self-defence. What sort of a welcome would he give to the invaders of *our* soil? The slang of selfish partisanship should receive no countenance from Mr. Clay or the Anti-Slavery press.

Again, he says—

"He aspired to lead the liberal party in these States, by steady efforts which culminated in his notorious Mexican war speech—which sealed his career in that direction; for it outraged his opponents, and disgusted the true friends of freedom in these States—proved him a mere partisan and politician, and not a statesman of enlarged and practical views, who only can embody into action the aspirations and dicta of the devotees of liberty—who, by their fanaticism and martyrdom, break down old forms and barriers to progress!"

The contrast here suggested between his course, in enlisting in a foreign war, and Mr. Corwin's, in denouncing it, may gratify the War Party in this country, but we see not why it should be regarded with particular complacency by the opponents of the war. And are they prepared to say that that wonderful speech of Corwin, in which he plead for justice and forbearance to a feeble foe, and appealed with thrilling vehemence to the magnanimity of this great country, "disgusted the true friends of freedom?" Let us beware, lest devotion to our Party blind us to the Principles on which it is organized.

Mr. Clay has many noble traits of character, and is a daring advocate of Emancipation in a slave State. But these facts afford no justification of his enlistment in an unjust war, and cannot blind us to the impropriety of his referring, at this late date, to his action then, as praiseworthy. Despite all this, we welcome him as a co-worker in the cause of Freedom, just as we recognised Mr. Corwin's services to the same cause before he became a member of Mr. Fillmore's Cabinet—just as we shall again recognise them, notwithstanding this unfortunate step, whenever he shall again speak for Justice and Liberty.

A few words specially to the Boston *Commonwealth*.

Man is greater than Party—his obligations are not to be determined by Party relations. He owes good will to all; is bound to respect the rights of all; and to defend the rights of all, so far as this may be in his power. His political associate he may sustain, from merely political motives; his political opponent he has no right to defame, from any motives whatsoever. Nay, more—when he sees him wrongfully accused, he is bound, at whatever risk, to state the truth and repel the accusation. No party consideration will justify or excuse him in maintaining silence, when he knows that his political associate is in error, and his political opponent is aggrieved. Let Justice be done, no matter what Party interest may suffer. Party interest ought not to be sought by the suppression of Truth, when its utterance would relieve an opponent of odium wrongfully attached to him.

Towards Mr. Clay and Mr. Corwin we sustain personal relations of friendship; one is a political associate, the other a political opponent. One makes certain statements in relation to the other, injurious to his reputation: we know them to be erroneous: should we hold our peace, because they are made by an associate against an opponent, or for the sake of some supposed Party interest? That is not our morality, and God forbid that it should be the morality of any press which professes to recognise the "higher law!"

Having justified our course, we dismiss the subject. We have not sacrificed Truth to Friendship; we will not sacrifice Justice to Party. As to being drawn into any controversy upon the matter, that is out of the question. If Mr. Clay feel aggrieved by anything we have written, he is at liberty to reply through our columns, and that will close the matter, as our position cannot be made plainer or stronger by multiplying words.

THE WHIG PARTY—IS IT DEAD?

The *New York Tribune* answers in the affirmative, and the *Newburyport Herald* takes the same ground. But this is not the position of the Whig press generally. The *Portland* (Me.) *Advertiser*, a liberal Whig paper, scouts the notion that the Whig party is extinct, and tells the *Tribune* that it has "much more faith in the efficiency of playing 'possum" than it (the *Advertiser*) has. It then proceeds to give the following table:

In 1844, the Whig vote for Clay was			1,291,648
1848,	"	Taylor,	1,362,548
1852,	"	"	1,386,578

From which it infers that the Whig party has more vitality than ever. "The fact is," it continues, "the party was defeated by the divisions in its own ranks;" but it has learned a lesson, and even the *New York Express*, it says, "speaks of Seward as a Presidential candidate, with a degree of complacency which has actually surprised us." It adds, naively enough, that "out of power, the Whigs are always happy and united." What a pity that they do not know when they are well off! that they cannot be satisfied with their happiness and harmony, but will forever be rushing upon discord and misery!

We do not suppose the *Tribune* is "playing 'possum," as its cotemporary says; but we do not believe it is very profoundly impressed with the theory of the extinction of the party; for, we observe it takes pains to record every triumph of a Whig candidate, and manifests about as much complacency over such triumphs as it ever did. By the time another Presidential canvass shall have rolled round, the *Tribune* will probably lay its theory upon the table, and work as well as ever in the harness.

The truth is, the Whig leaders generally seem resolved not to give up. They certainly have made quite a respectable fight lately in some of the Eastern States; in the West they are trying again to array their forces, and in the South they are as ardent as a Southern sun can make them. Tennessee Whigs, and North Carolina Whigs, and Virginia Whigs, are scandalized at the amalgamation in the Democratic body between Secessionists and Free-Soilers, and are profoundly impressed with the necessity of bringing good old-fashioned conservative Whigism to confront and confound such a vile combination; and the Whig press of the South sends forth from day to day words of hope and encouragement. The *National Intelligencer* traces precisely the etymology of the term *Whig*, from which it educes the lesson, that while time shall last, the Whig party will be a perpetual necessity. The *Baltimore Patriot* exclaims—"the Whig party cannot die while constitutional liberty and the freedom of legislation lasts." (We are not responsible for the grammar of the sentence.) The *Fredericksburgh* (Va.) *Recorder* congratulates its readers that the Whig party "came out of the last Presidential struggle with fewer drawbacks to its ultimate success than has ever before been its fortune." The *Alexandria Whig* bravely remarks that "the fire of persecution never yet repressed the zeal of men convinced that they were right, nor can the disaster of a Presidential campaign destroy the order and constancy of the Whig party."

And thus their sort and talk, while the *Tribune* insists that the Whig party is "not only defeated, but undone."

Endeavors will be made to keep up a Whig organization; in some of the States it may achieve local victories; and that it will attempt to marshal its adherents for another Presidential canvass, we have just as little doubt as we have that it will again be prostrated. The same elements of division that overthrew it last fall, will work against any future attempt to organize a *National* Whig party. It is impossible. The *New England Advertiser*, the *New York Tribune*, the *Newburyport Herald*, and the Whigs they represent, can ever unite heartily on the same platform and candidats with the Washington *Republic*, *Nashville Whig*, and *Fredericksburgh Recorder*, and the Whigs they represent. What is the use of mixing oil and water, of attempting to reconcile eternal contradictions? And yet the attempt will be made. Pride, prejudice, mere devotion to a name, traditional notions, will tempt to the belief that some political alchemy may be discovered, that shall fuse them all into one harmonious compound. The *Tribune* sees now that this cannot be; but, refusing to unite either with the old or new Democracy, it will find itself, in 1856, utterly isolated, or again at the hopeless task of harmonizing absolute discords.

AMERICAN WRITERS IN ENGLAND.

A friend writing to us from England says, that the genius and success of Mrs. Stowe have awakened there a great deal more interest in American authorship; and that English publishers are constantly on the lookout for some new production on this side of the Atlantic, to bring into their own market. This confirms the opinion expressed by us some weeks ago, that Mrs. Stowe has proved a public benefactor to the literature of our country, by securing for it a position in the judgment of the world it had not before enjoyed. Captious critics among us may object to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as a work of art, and place it below the productions of other American authors; but it has remained that her book is the most successful work of the century—that her book has reached a circulation and created a sensation unprecedented in the Old World—and then, when it is remembered that it is an *American* book, the Old World wonders whether it has not been somewhat too indifferent to the productions of the New. The result is, more attention is now, and will continue to be, paid to American authorship, so that what is really meritorious in it will stand a better chance of being appreciated abroad.

We notice that the house of Clarke, Beeton, & Co., Fleet street, London, has just republished "MANUEL PEREIRA," by F. C. Adams, the work lately issued in this city by Buell & Blanchard, the printers of the *Era*; and we have already stated that Mrs. Southworth has received, from one of the largest publishing houses in London, proposals for the republication of "*Mark Sutherland*."

Colonel Benton has gone to Kansas, to address the people on the subject of the great National Road to the Pacific. *

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The 29th anniversary of this institution was celebrated in Philadelphia on Tuesday evening. Its receipts during the past year amounted to $217,014, which, with the exception of $115, was all expended. The liabilities of the institution now amount to $65,424; but the stock on hand is valued at $103,241. It has 157 missionaries, who have established 1,704 new schools, and visited and revived 2,398 others. Total scholars 193,350; teachers 29,997. During the year, $150,910 worth of publications were put into circulation.

"SITTIN ON A RAIL."

The *Tribune* of the 16th instant has an editorial upon "The Uss of a Whig Party." To our apprehension, there is more in the substance than in the drift of it, more of the suggestive than of the demonstrative in it. The article is not superficial, but it is uncertain—not insensible, but inconclusive; the argument does not satisfy the proposition. It affirms that in republics there must always be a great democratic party — a party professing principles of progress pressing in the direction of popular enfranchisement; and explains its natural and usual success by the tendency of the majority to be governed by names, rather than to look beyond these to the things they profess to represent. This we take to be good for nothing, if meant for a complaint. The masses are exactly right in preferring the party with the true creed, whatever its practice may be, to that which contradicts their theory and forbids their hopes. Moreover, if such professing democracy must of necessity predominate in republics, there can be no use or wisdom in adhering to a mere opposition party. Mr. Greeley *feels* this, without seeing it very clearly or following it logically. He denies that it is the proper function of the Whig party to act as a snaffle upon the Democracy—he even denies that the said Democracy needs any snaffle, for the reason, however, that if left to its own headway it will of necessity curb itself before it rushes into any irretrievable mischief. A democratic party, then, we infer, is just the thing for a republic, as safe as it is inevitable, and may be trusted in the long run to its own guidance and restraints. But such a conclusion contains too much for Mr. G.'s purposes and position.

He affirms, also, that "there generally will be a formidable party adverse to this 'Democratic' array — less compact, less disciplined, less malleable and manageable, yet still embodying many elements of strength, and frequently snatching victory from the confident grasp of its antagonist;" and, that he will generally act with it when he acts with any party. But how and why such an adverse organization should be maintained he does not undertake to explain, notwithstanding the caption of his article. The Boston *Atlas* and *Journal* clearly maintain that a Whig party exists, and exists of necessity, and that its attitude and function is *opposition* to the Democratic—its principles, a general negation—and its use, a *snaffle*, and nothing else. Mr. Greeley, in the last paragraph of the article we are noticing, as if answering a conclusion that presents itself to the reader, and writer, too, says, "Nor do we mean that there is no function for and no need of a great party to advance to that which vaunts its superlative *Democracy*."

That is the very hint on which to speak, but he gives us nothing of creed or platform, affirmative, constructive, positive, or efficient for the purposes of organization and action, except that "The proper antidote to Fillibusterism of all sorts is the urgent and vigorous advocacy of THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.?!!!

In 1848, the Whig party throw away its platform, and declared General Taylor instead. In 1852, throwing none of its own, it shamed the Democratic, gave up its identity, and, in the Presidential contest, became extinct. Its history we know; it is an epitaph now. The adverseness and the adversity of the great adverse party, its perverseness and its reverses, are written in every verse of its chapter of accidents; and now we want to know what it is going to do about it.

If it had been wise enough to stand ground in its day of power to "throw away its votes" occasionally, instead of its principles, or if it would but make up its mind to do so now, when great occasions demand, we could suggest a policy, prescribe an organization, and lend it a platform something broader than the Pacific Railroad.

Mr. Greeley, if he cares, is welcome to know that the writer of this article profoundly respects him, and generally agrees with him except in the matter of that impracticable *adverseness* of his, which means nothing, and comes to nothing. E.

This extract from a letter of Washington was first published by Mr. Sumner, in his able constitutional argument on Slavery, delivered August 26th, 1852. [It should have been appended to the extracts from his writings, and will be appropriately placed in *Facts for the People*.]

Mr. Sumner, in introducing it, said:

"It shows how the United States, at the close of his Administration, thought it was right to recover a slave, who had fled to New Hampshire. His autograph letter to Mr. Whipple, the Collector of Portsmouth, dated at Philadelphia, 28th November, 1796, which I now hold in my hand, and which has never before seen the light, after describing the fugitive, and particularly expressing the desire of "her mistress" Mrs. Washington, for her return, employs the following decisive language:

"I do not mean, however, by this request, that such violent measures should be used AS WOULD RIVE A MOB ENRAGED, WHICH MUST IN THE CASE I AM SHE HAS ADHERENTS, OR EVEN UNEASY SENSATIONS IN THE MINDS OF WELL-DISPOSED CITIZENS. Rather than either of these should happen, I would forego her services altogether; and the example also, which is of infinite more importance."

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Mr. Whipple, in his reply, dated at Portsmouth, December 22, 1796, an autograph copy of which I have, recognizes the rule of Washington;

"I will now, sir, agreeably to your desire, send her to Alexandria, *if it be practicable without the consequences you mention—which I apprehend, a riot or a mob, or creating uneasy sensations in the minds of well-disposed persons.* The first method is calculated beforehand; it will be governed by the popular opinion of the moment, or the circumstances that may arise in the transaction. The latter may be sought into and judged of by conversing with such persons without discovering the occasion. So far as I have had opportunity, I perceive that different sentiments are entertained on this subject."

The fugitive never was returned, but lived in Portsmouth, and died there, in 1846, as the recent period, a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we aptly call the Father of his Country.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.—A colored National Convention is called to assemble at Rochester, N. Y., on the 6th of July, 1853. The call is well written, and declares that their "warfare is not one where force can be employed," their "battle is against false and hurtful customs, and against the errors which support such customs."

The object of the Convention is to consider the condition of the colored people, and to consult as to the disposition of such funds as they may receive through Mrs. Stowe for educational purposes. They desire each delegate to bring an accurate statement of the number of colored inhabitants in his town or neighborhood; the amount of property owned by them; their business or occupation; the state of education; the number of children in attendance at school, &c. All colored churches, literary and other societies, are invited to send at least one, and not more than three, delegates to the Convention. *

We see it stated that all the members of the Unitarian Society at St. Louis, Mo., who were slaveholders, have lately emancipated their slaves. This is an example worthy of imitation by Christians of every name. *

JESSE HUTCHINSON, one of the well-known "Hutchinson Family," whose songs have delighted numerous audiences, died on Sunday week, at the water cure establishment near Convention. *

For the National Era.

HAYTI.

I.

Encircled by the Southern seas,
Mid skies forever fair,
And groves that waft their rich perfume
From ocean's charmed air,
The fairest of the fairest isles,
In NAIADE's sylvan rest,
Rises, a queen upon the wave,
In festal beauty drest.

II.

Here groves that mock fair Tempe's vale
Their fruit and blossoms yield,
Here cypress woods and myrtle bowers
Shadow the tropic field,
Here happy birds with bright-hued wings
Sail o'er the sunny lea,
And here the clear blue mountain streams
Run laughing to the sea.

III.

But man despoils God's fairest works,
Accounting to his heart
Less needful the pure smile of Heaven
Than the fierce toils of art—
Accounting Nature's kindly voice
Less worthy of his ear,
Than the loud cry of battle shouts,
And clash of sword and spear.

IV.

So, on these hills, once fresh and green,
War's signal fires glowed,
And, mingling with the mountain streams,
The crimson torrents flowed;
In every rocky pass and glen
The ambushed foemen bide,
And in the quiet inland bay
The Spanish galleons ride.

V.

For shepherd's crook and herdsman's staff,
And sound of tinkling bell,
The bayonet and the bugle-call,
And clash of sabres fell;
Like vassals through the crowded mart,
To sounds of martial strains,
The heroes of the battle led
The chieftains bound in chains.

VI.

To climes beyond the distant sea,
Far from their tropic home,
Where on the wild and snowy hills
The deer and chamois roam,
Where ice-topped mountains o'er the lake
Its prisoned fetters keep,
They lingered out their dreary lives,
In dungeons cold and deep.

VII.

Yet God avenges all his own,
And for each weary year
A cry through all the lands shall rise,
From voices loud and clear;
Too late for them the cry shall be,
Whose days of toil are o'er—
But for their sons the peals shall roll
Along their wave-washed shore.

VIII.

Leave Spain her victories garnered well,
Her trophies and her name;
Her Toussaints patriots still
Swell high the roll of fame;
Her streaming banners float as free
Where Cadiz's white walls shine,
And on her hills still bloom as fresh
The olive and the vine.

IX.

Leave France the laurel and the crowns,
Her palaces and towers,
Her stately dames, her laughing maids,
Her fields and sunny bowers;
Through years of wealth, of joy, of peace,
Heaven's blessings on her shine—
No more amid her festal wreaths
The cypress branches twine.

X.

And wheresoe'er, the wide earth round,
The flag of freedom wave,
Whether o'er happy northern homes,
Or martyred patriots' graves,
Let prayers and blessings ever follow
Of banners floating free,
And leave the Haytian banner still
Its island in the sea.

C.

Boston, May, 1853.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE. By the author of "The Two Guardians," "Hornietta's Wish," "The Kings of England," &c., &c. In two volumes. N. York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by R. Farnham, Washington, D. C.

If this book redeems the promise of its title, it is sufficiently romantic. The author has faith in himself, to venture upon two volumes, of 314 pages each. It must be a work of uncommon merit that will, in these "fast times," secure readers for so long a "yarn." But we have heard it pronounced very good. *

THE CAPTIVE IN PATAGONIA; OR, Life among the Giants. A Personal Narrative. By Benjamin Franklin Bourne. With illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

From a hasty glance at these pages, we anticipate much pleasure and information from their perusal. We know so little of South American life, that a well-written narrative of personal adventure and observation must prove a most acceptable addition to our popular literature. The author says: "My story is a plain one—a simple record of facts." We like such books, when they are well written. We would rather read a book of facts than some philosophies. The first edition, we are told, was sold in six days—the second all engaged—the third is now in press, and the trade out of the city not supplied. *

LABOR AND LOVE. A Tale of English Life. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. For sale as above.

This little book, at first intended as an offering to the domestic missions of England, is now, in consequence of the author's removal to this country, published here, in the hope that those who are engaged in similar labors in this country "may sympathize with the brave men and women of the old land, whose devotion to the cause of human progress rises above every selfish interest, and whose untiring exertions in the good work they have chosen are almost unknown amid the more exciting movements of public life." The book is a pleasant narrative, and will repay a reading. *

HARRY MUIR. A Story of Scottish Life. By the author of "MRS. Margaret Maitland," "Mackland," &c. In three volumes. New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by R. Farnham, Washington, D. C.

This is a story of real life. Everybody knows a Harry Muir—a good-natured, it may be, brilliant, youth, who is not decidedly vicious, but has no power to resist temptation—who has a keen relish for social pleasures, and whose impulses are always generous and self-forgetful; but whose life, on the whole, in its pursuits and results, is full of selfishness. Alas! how many Harry Muirs break the hearts that love and would trust them, who yet bear with them, and suffer for and with them, to the bitter end. *

PLEASANT PAGES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE; or, Book of Home Education and Entertainment. By S. Prout Newcombe. With numerous illustrations. First American edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C.

The author of this very clever book for children must have a genius for teaching. He has long been a successful teacher, and it is said his pupils love him very dearly. If he so pleasantly combines instruction with amusement in his classes, as he has done in these "Pleasant Pages," it must be quite a privilege to go to his school. "Moral Lessons," "Natural History," "Travelling," "Physical Education," "History," "Drawing Lessons," "Hymns and Poetry," and "Music," are all treated of separately, and yet so pleasantly arranged as to make each a relief to the other. The moral lessons are taught by illustrative stories, just such as children love; while drawing, history, geography, and such studies, are made so attractive as to seem more like play than work. The object lessons are particularly interesting—in every family circle a class might be formed, and great instruction and amusement be derived from these lessons. *

CHAMBER'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING PAPERS. With illustrations. Vol. I. complete in itself. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

This popular and attractive work is published by the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburg. It is similar in character and style to the "Miscellany," so well and favorably known in this country, and which reached the enormous circulation of more than eighty thousand copies in England. Arrangements have been made by the American publishers, by which they will issue the work simultaneously with the English edition, in two monthly handsomely-bound 16mo volumes, of 260 pages each—to continue until the whole series is completed. Each volume complete in itself—will be sold sold in sets or single volumes. We have formed a most favorable opinion of its character and contents. Like Dickens's Household Words, it combines fact and fiction in a manner well adapted to the popular taste. The leading article, "The Cotton Metropolis," we doubt not, is an "over true tale." We give the table of contents, that our readers may see what the work promises:

The Cotton Metropolis; Australia and its Gold Regions; Helen Gray; Madame de Lévegné, her Life and Letters; the Rhine; Miss Block, the Face Model; the Pilgrim Fathers; Spirits of Paradise Lost.

THE CHILD'S FIRST HISTORY OF AMERICA. By the author of "Little Dora." New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

This is an outline of the history of our country, from its discovery to the date of the Mexican war. We have not time to examine the book carefully, but are inclined to form a favorable opinion of the good sense and sound judgment of the author, who says, in speaking of the Mexican war, "War is only justifiable in defence of national honor or national rights; and we, not Mexico, were the aggressors." *

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS. By Jane G. Swisshelm. New York: J. C. Baker. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Swisshelm has made this book just what it professes to be, and that is no scant praise in this age of pretension. Country girls, and, indeed, town girls, will be none the worse for the piquant lessons she teaches. And they will have faith in her advice; for she writes like a woman who "knows whereof she affirms." Her long experience in Western country life has afforded her ample opportunities to accomplish herself in the various departments of domestic management, of which she discourses so racily and agreeably. We have seen something of life in the country, and can bear witness to the justice of her strictures. We hope the book will have the success it deserves. *

ELLEN LINN. A Franconia Story. By the author of "The Rollo Books." New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Franck Taylor, Washington, D. C.

The Franconian Stories are deservedly popular with young people. The graceful, simple, narrative style of the author is exceedingly pleasant. We know some children of larger growth, who love to linger over scenes that bring back forcibly to the heart the joyous life of childhood. We doubt not that many a home circle is made glad by each new volume added to the Franconian series. *

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON BOOK-KEEPING, by Single and Double Entry. Designed for Common Schools. Containing four sets of books by single entry, and six sets by double entry. By S. W. Crittenden, Accountant, author of "An Industrious and Practical Book-Keeping," &c. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle. For sale as above.

Mr. Crittenden has abundant testimony to the character of his work, from practical accountants in all our principal cities. This, we take it, is the very best introduction to the public he could possibly have. They unite in bestowing upon it their unqualified commendation. These gentlemen are book keepers for the largest houses in the country, and their opinion is entitled to great consideration. Our own observation inclines us to the opinion that there is no branch of practical education so generally neglected as book keeping. Many young men are out of employment, this day, who could have steady work and good wages, if they knew enough of accounts to keep the books of an establishment, decently. One important feature of the work is, its adaptation to common schools. *

THE KNICKERBOCKER. May, 1853.

This number is full, as usual, of good reading. "Men, Manners, and Mountains," by Robert M. Richard

Jeames has a genius for the misuse of good English, and is so outrageously extravagant in the use of consonants. One stumbles at a word, and, after study, discovers the meaning in a roar of laughter—it is so nearly what it should be, and yet so wide of the correct. For instance, what is one going to do with "*Frinstance?*" Get the hook and study. *

THE RUSSIAN GRIND.

The question, "Have we an organ among us?" bids fair to become much vexed and exceedingly pertinacious. Difficult of consideration, it is almost impossible to settle. A study of the music amounts to nothing, and leads to no conclusion. Your organ, well endorsed—it is no organ otherwise—may grind out whatever its constitutional disability creates, and be fast or slow, as the arm of the administrative troubadour is strong or weak. At one moment it may waken us with the merry strains of a "Manifest Destiny" quickstep, or lull us with the solemn breathings of "Auld Lang Syne" conservatism, or mix both, by way of variation, to show an execution exceedingly difficult, and mourned over for not being impossible. The nature of the music concludes nothing.

Is it endorsed? Ah! there's the rub; for this President Pierce is a queer man. He may grease the organ, or he may smash it; but in the meanwhile, with a talent at silence—stubborn as Louis Napoleon and deep as Talleyrand—he tells us a good deal of nothing. Some insist that the President has his doubts on this subject of a court journal. That such a concern is necessary to some other Governments, none may question. The English are interested in the increase of the royal family; while the French are excitable upon the matter of a boil in the small of Louis Napoleon's back, and, of course, a flunkey journal must be sustained to keep them advised. But as the children of our queens (God bless them!) speak for themselves, and as all our Louis Napoleons are in the penitentiary, a snob gazette would be a bore; for we are not violently concerned upon the subject of either boils or babies. Are these your sentiments, President Pierce?

President Pierce makes no answer; and back we go to the study of the music. What pestiferous rogue set this question afloat? Had it not been broached, we might have marched on in quiet, well pleased and even victorious. But the subject is started, and, like a popular error, can't be killed, and won't die. We listen intently, and lo! such a quilt-work of discordant things come forth, that we are almost driven to the sad conclusion that the minstrel is but a patched fool, (look you,) and his instrument a crazy humbug.

Nothing, since the days of Uncle Biglow's hen, ever produced such a startling variety as our organ. The specimen of barn-yard fowl alluded to, remarkable for her domestic qualities, (she was contented with her sphere,) was kept for hatching, and the owners were not always careful as to the quality of bird the old lady was called on to nurse into existence. If the owners were careless, the venerable hen was credulous and fond. Did a brood of quails run away with shells on their backs, (your true *progressives*,) the old lady clucked her admiration at their precocious activity. Did a flock of ducks take to the water, (*annexationists*,) she strutted admiringly upon the bank, and seemed to say, "Sweet chicks, don't they swim?" Or when her hatched goose (*conservative*) limited its exercise to standing solemnly on one leg in a mud-puddle, she pronounced it, with an admirable cackle, "masterly inactivity." Only once was the feathered dame startled into wonder, and that happened when a mischievous urchin put under her an egg that, hatched out, grew into a buzzard. To carry out the comparison: our neighbor, on last Thursday, produced something very like a buzzard.

Jesting aside, the leader of last Thursday's *Union* (May 19, 1853) is the most remarkable, startling production we have yet met with in the paper; and that is saying much. An American journal—nay, now the so-called organ of the Democratic Administration—devotes nearly a column to an eulogy upon the Russian Government. A citizen of the United States, an editor, with malice aforethought, gives to the world a leaden column of praise of the purest, unmixed, dreary tyranny on the face of the earth—a Government, if such we may term it, that has founded its civilization on the graves of murdered thousands, watered its so-called religion with the blood of martyrs—whose every battle has been against human rights, and every victory the death-rattle of freedom—a despotism whose greatest triumphs are found in crushed Poland and Hungary, and whose most distinguished institution is a white slavery chained to the very soil, and yet is praised by the "Democratic *Union*." Has the organ, weary of grinding out feeble music for thankless factions, sold itself to the only Government that dare not have a free paper at home? Have we a Russian organ among us?

That our readers may not begin to doubt a well-established character for voracity, we copy the article entire. Could the Russian Minister have done the work better, or ask for more? Further comment is unnecessary. The touch at italics is our own. *

RUSSIA.

Mr. H. Winter Davis, a conspicuous orator in the late Scott campaign, has published a book with the fantastic title of "The War of Ormuzd and Ahriman," in which he affects to regard the United States and Russia as the respective champions of the principle of liberty and the principle of despotism, and to foresee, in the distant future, a mighty and decisive conflict between these puissant combatants, in the great drama of human history. The fundamental idea of this book is so absurd a fiction, that no effort of ingenuity or power of eloquence could clothe it in a plausible garb. It is perfectly safe, therefore, to assume that it will not make much impression upon the country, when developed in the extravagant speculation and hyperbolic rhetoric of the puerile production of Mr. Davis.

The idea of an inevitable antagonism and ultimate conflict between the United States and Russia is so silly, that we can only express surprise that any sensible man could entertain it for a moment. It was the dream of the Persian mythology that the spirits of good and evil—Ormuzd and Ahriman—waged a perpetual struggle for the ascendency over man; but to assign any such Quixotic mission to nations, is to betray a sad want of philosophic reflection. To assume, as the basis of a grave disquisition, an inevitable and mortal antagonism between the United States and Russia, is to betray an egregious ignorance of the past and present political relations of the two countries.

It is the idea of some enthusiasts that the science of government is a mere abstraction, and that its theoretical perfection necessarily implies its practical fitness for man in every condition. Persons who reason in this way may regard the Government of Russia as an unmixed evil; but when we consider the peculiar condition and wants of the Russian people, and their aggregate of individual and national happiness, we will conclude that they are not so much the victims of oppression as such writers as the author of "Ormuzd and Ahriman" would represent. The Government of Russia may be a despotism, and, for that reason, abhorrent to the notions of republicans; but its effect upon the subject people establishes its fitness for them. Under the government of absolute monarchy the Russian nation have emerged from the depths of barbarism, and within a single century have taken position in the front rank of civilization. The great fact in European history for the last hundred years, is the rise and progress of Russia. At the battle of Pultowa, July 8, 1709, an infant nation struggled for existence. That infant has since grown to the stature of a giant, and, like a colossus, bestrides the continent of Europe. Its social development has been coincident with its growth in political power; its conquest in the realms of science, and art, and learning, have even surpassed the vast achievements of its armies. In the rapidity of its progress it has outstripped every nation in Europe, and the United States alone can present a parallel to its wonderful career. In every element of national strength and happiness, Russia is great and prosperous beyond any other country of Europe. Its Government is more stable and efficient, and its people more contented, than any other; while in respect to political supremacy, it is universally recognised as the preponderating Power of the Old World. In the character of its rulers, Russia has been singularly fortunate. In energy of will, honesty of purpose, and force of genius, they have for the most part presented a striking exception to the proverbial stupidity, cowardice, and meanness, of legitimate royalty. When we contemplate the policy of the Russian Government, through all the vicissitudes of its history, we are struck as much by the immense genius as by the colossal ambition of its monarchs. If the internal administration of the Government be conducted with anything of the skill and energy which characterize its foreign policy, we need be at no loss to comprehend the devoted loyalty and patriotism of the nation. And we have a right to infer, from the consummate ability of the Russian diplomacy, that its Government manifests no want of genius in conducting the domestic concerns of the Empire. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the Russian Government in an abstract view, it is idle to deny the energy of its administration, and its perfect adaptation to the condition of the nation. The destruction of Moscow, the most heroic display of unconquerable patriotism which history records, illustrates the devotion of the people to their country and its institutions.

The Governments of Russia and the United States are based upon antagonistic principles; but their relations have ever been of the most amicable kind. President Jackson, in an official message, spoke of Russia as "our ancient and steadfast friend." Mr. Jefferson, radical Democrat as he was, enjoyed and reciprocated the ardent esteem of the Emperor Alexander. Indeed, strange as it may seem to theorists of the "Ormuzd and Ahriman" school, this chivalrous Emperor entertained an admiration for American institutions. It was his friendly mediation that initiated the negotiation which resulted in the treaty of Ghent, *and it was by his arbitration that the citizens of the South got indemnity for the slaves which were kidnapped by the British in the last war.* The reigning Emperor shares the feelings and opinions of his predecessor; and we have every reason to believe that the United States and Russia will consolidate and perpetuate their friendly relations by the same just and pacific policy which has regulated their intercourse in times past.

OUR "BOASTED CONSTITUTION."

A week or two since, an intelligent friend furnished for our column of Literary Notices a brief statement of the character and spirit of *Das Volk*, a new German publication, by K. Heinzen, speaking somewhat favorably of its boldness and independence. A few extracts, illustrative of its general ideas, were quoted, but we did not understand that our critic endorsed all the sentiments therein contained, or that we, in giving place to them, became responsible for them. The correspondent, whose communication we insert below, seems to take a different view. His article pays a just tribute to our Constitution, and forcibly vindicates the Representative Principle; but he must allow us to say that we do not think Mr. Heinzen intended seriously to assail either. If he did, he certainly could look for no sympathy to the *Era*.

To the Editor of the National Era:

I am a habitual and critical reader of the *Era*, and, agreeing with its editor in the general principle professed by him, do not often find in it matter liable to decided objection. But I desire to enter my protest against a flippant and charlatan censure upon the American Constitution, to which you gave place in your last number, and which you endorsed, as far as may be done by copying without any expression of dissent or exception.

You gave a more than usually-extended notice of a certain production of a German pamphleteer, Mr. Heinzen, from which you extract the following passage:

"We see that the boasted Constitution itself is, in this country, in spite of its freedom, little more to the people than a cipher, or election machine. It is powerless, because it delivers the whole power, and the fate of the country, into the hands of a few representatives of the law-giving and Executive power. And since these irresponsible representatives are exposed to all manner of corrupt influences, the people must become what the influx from their representatives makes them, viz: guards and hunter-corps for the slaveholders."

The occasion for saying this is found by the writer in Mr. Polk's offer to purchase Cuba for $100,000,000. You will permit me to say that this sneering denunciation of our Constitution could have been made by none but a charlatan. Perhaps we do *boast* of our Constitution. As it is universally acceptable to us, it is natural, and not improper, that we should speak admiringly, and sometimes even exultingly, of it. Is there any other people in the world, consisting of twenty-five millions of inhabitants spread over three millions of miles of territory, who have a Constitution which satisfies them all? Your German political philosopher evidently thinks that we ought not to boast of this Constitution, but ought to change it.

I hope I shall not be mistaken. There is a great deal of discussion in this country, over questions of constitutional interpretation. One party, or one section, or one interest, frequently accuses another party, section, or interest, with violating the Constitution, and thereupon ensue fierce denunciations and bitter recriminations; but all agree that if nobody would violate, nor attempt to violate, the Constitution, we would be a happy and virtuous nation. The pamphleteer from whom you quote comes to the conclusion that, because this "boasted Constitution" gave Mr. Polk authority to make the offer to purchase Cuba, it (the Constitution) "is little more to the people than a cipher, or election machine;" that "it delivers the whole power and the fate of the country into the hands of a few representatives of the law-giving and Executive power." Now, this is mainly nonsense of the shallowest sort. The sovereignty of every people must be exercised through its Government. The representative system is the only one through which a democracy can act. The moment a nation consigns the exercise of its collective power to agents who are not its representatives, and appointed such for limited and short periods, it parts with its sovereignty, surrenders its democracy, and becomes subject to the rulers whom it places in authority over it. The democracy of the small Grecian States—generally consisting of a city, with its suburbs—was a mob, until some strong man, like Pericles, or any of the usurping chiefs with whom Grecian history abounds, assumed supreme Executive powers. Does your pamphlet-maker, or—I ask respectfully—do you, imagine that our people and country could be governed in that way? It is known, equally to statesmen and to tyros in politics, that a pure democracy is a form of government simply impracticable for a great nation, or a small one either. A very small community—smaller than that of San Marino—may govern itself judiciously as a democracy; for, in such a limited collection of individuals, the whole population may make and execute the laws, without the intervention of agents, either legislative, judicial, or executive. How very small such a community must be, however, will be apparent to any reflecting person. The representative system provided by the Constitution of the United States is the nearest approach to the democratic form of government which has ever been successfully applied to a great nation. The Constitution of the city of Rome had some wonderfully democratic elements, but they were counterbalanced by the institutions of the nobility and the Senate—both of which were hereditary bodies, and composed a close aristocracy. But the Constitution of Rome was only for the government of a city. If there was a good deal of democracy in that, mingled with aristocracy which was noted for its arrogance and power, the Government of the Empire at large was an absolute despotism.

It is folly to say that our representatives are not responsible. The system of responsibility to the people is as perfect as it can be made, if we except the Senate. The President may do wrong; but the people who have elected him will condemn him in less than four years, if he does. The House of Representatives may err; but it must be renewed every two years, and each member returns to his appropriate tract of country and division of the people, to be condemned or applauded. It is hard to reach the Senate, collectively, but each individual member must render an account every six years; and if it be not satisfactory, he must return to private life. And the whole complexion of the Senate has, before now, been changed on a single question, by the will of the people, and may be again.

But, suppose this particular representative system of our Constitution to be defective, what would your amateur democrat substitute for it? Would he reduce the power of the Government? Probably that would not be his recommendation; for I have observed that all European democrats by profession are in favor of very strong Governments, only contending that its powers shall be exercised in a particular manner—forgetting that, from the very nature of things, the possession of power begets abuse of power. It would be easy enough to revolutionize our Government, by the abrogation of our "boasted Constitution," if we could only agree to it; but it would be simply impossible to erect anything else that would satisfy a majority, or a quarter or a tenth of us, as well as what we now have.

In conclusion: In the same number of the *Era* in which you comment upon Heinzen's pamphlet, you hold the editors of the *Intelligencer* to a just responsibility for publishing, without dissent, a trashy communication, assailing the noble Ordinance of 1787, which was probably the joint production of Rufus King, Nathan Dane, Howell of Rhode Island, and Thomas Jefferson, and not, by any means, of the latter exclusively. (See Journals of the Congress of the Confederation.) Agreeing with you, that no editor can give publicity, with impunity, to such false and pernicious sentiments as are expressed in that article, I think your own accountability, for giving currency to Heinzen's unfounded attack upon the Constitution is just as clear; and I respectfully ask leave to enter upon your columns this protest against the same. E. H.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN P. HALE.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Taking up your paper of March 3d, to read Mr. Hale's Speech in the Senate of February 15th, I have read, for the first time, the following extraordinary passage: "Sir, I desire to be always on the side of my country. I desire that she may be always right; *but whether she is right or wrong, I am always with her and for her.*" Is it possible? Did John P. Hale really utter such a sentiment? It is, in substance, the same sentiment uttered by the late Commodore Decatur, in a toast, I think, that horrified almost every truly virtuous mind, when it was first promulgated. Has Hale, the leader and champion of the Free Democracy, copied, at this day, the atrocious sentiment of that brave but unscrupulous man? If so, I shall deeply regret it. Will you explain, and inform your readers whether there has not been some mistake or error in the matter?

It is true that the passage quoted is followed by these words: "I believe it is the first duty of patriotism, when we find the country wrong, to endeavor to set her right; and when we find that she is going in a direction which is likely to place her in a wrong position, she is entitled to our best efforts to put her in a different direction." Very true, but this is obviously quite different from the sentiment objected to. An Inquirer.

We all know Mr. Hale, and if his public life prove anything beyond all doubt, it is this: that he has not sustained, and will not sustain, his party or his country, in wrong doing. On the question of Texan annexation, he trampled party under foot. On the question of the Mexican war, he withstood by word and act, uniformly and unflinchingly, the entire action of the Government. His enemies cannot point to an act of his public life, since his connection with the Anti-Slavery party, in which he sacrificed his known convictions of right to the demands of an inconsiderate patriotism.

We submit that when such a man gives utterance to an ambiguous declaration, justice and common sense dictate a construction in accordance with his whole life. When he said that he desired to be always on the side of his country, and that she should always be right; but that, whether she were right or wrong, he would "always be with her and for her," we understood him to mean just what the Christian poet, Cowper, meant, in relation to his country, when he exclaimed, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Should his country be in the wrong, he would not desert her; he would be "with her and for her," not to encourage or sustain her wrong doing, but to bring her back to the right, and save her, if possible, from the consequences of her evil works. That he meant this, is shown by the context; for he says immediately, "it is the first duty of patriotism, when we find the country wrong, to *endeavor to set her right;*" and this was the way he would be with her and for her—strengthening her when right, holding her back when wrong.

This is the true meaning of his declaration. But, as "An Inquirer" may not be satisfied with our interpretation, we respectfully ask Mr. Hale, for the gratification of his numerous friends, to be his own interpreter.

THE DANGERS OF TRAVELLING.

The recent disasters to vessels and on the railroads call loudly for stringent reforms in the management of railroads, and for more care in those having charge of passengers. The real extent of these calamities is not known; but the New York *Times* compiles a summary statement of the disasters, as received between the dates of April 1 and May 18, which we subjoin, as painfully interesting:

VESSELS.

Steamer Independence.—Wrecked and burnt, February 16, near Margareta Island, in the Pacific, 167 miles north of Cape St. Lucas—129 lives lost.

Steamer Tennessee.—Went ashore, March 16, near San Miguel, on the Pacific. Six hundred passengers on board—all rescued.

Steamer Jenny Lind.—Exploded, April 9, while on the way from San Francisco to San José—31 lives lost, 19 persons injured.

Steamer S. S. Lewis.—Went ashore in the Pacific, near Bolinas Bay, April 9. Four hundred and forty passengers on board—all saved.

Steamer Albatross.—Lost in the Gulf, while on her way from New York to Vera Cruz, April 10.

Steamer Ocean Wave.—Burned on Lake Ontario, Saturday, April 30; 37 lives lost—passengers 21, crew 16.

Barque William and Mary.—Wrecked on reefs in Bahama Channel, May 3—170 lives lost.

RAILROADS.

Camden and Amboy Railroad.—Afternoon train from Philadelphia, Saturday, April 23, ran off the drawbridge at Rancocas creek.

Michigan Southern and Central Railroads.—Collision at the crossing, April 25—16 lives lost, many persons injured.

Boston and Maine Railroad.—One man run over and killed, April 28, at Reading depot.

Reading Railroad.—One man killed, near the Falls of the Schuylkill, May 5.

New Haven Railroad.—Morning express train from New York, Friday, May 6, ran off drawbridge at Norwalk—45 lives lost.

N. York and Erie Railroad, Ramapo Branch. Collision on Monday, May 9—2 lives lost.

Old Colony Railroad.—Freight train thrown off, near North Braintree, Mass., May 11—cause, misplaced switch.

Taunton Branch Railroad.—Train thrown off, Saturday, May 7—15 persons injured—cause, a broken axletree.

New York Central Railroad.—Collision, near Syracuse, May 3, between passenger and cattle trains—engineer hurt.

Hudson River Railroad.—Child killed, in this city, Monday, May 9.

Total.—Loss of life, during three months, on sea and river steamers, 367; on railroads, 66. Aggregate loss, 433.

From this statement, it will be seen that upward of *four hundred persons* have lost their lives, during the transit from place to place on our various routes of travel, in the short space of three months. Beside the wrecks of seagoing vessels, attended with loss of life, no less than three first-class steamships have foundered, each containing a large number of passengers—varying from one hundred and fifty to six hundred persons on each vessel. These were rescued by strenuous exertions; but, under less favorable circumstances, they might have been added to the list of dead. These results indicate a lamentable laxity of discipline, a want of energy, and an absence of foresight, which demand the most vigorous investigation.

A negro man, fifty-five years of age, was sold in this city on Monday morning last, by Green & Scott, auctioneers, on Pennsylvania avenue, for $330. The public sale of human beings at the National Capital is disgraceful; and we are pleased to see that the practice is discountenanced by our citizens. *

FRANCE AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The French demands on the Government of the Sandwich Islands are:

1. That the duties on brandies shall be reduced from $2 to $1.50 per gallon.

2. That the prohibition on the introduction of spirituous liquors by whale ships shall not be enforced against French whalers.

3. That a board of superintendence be appointed for each religion; that Catholic schools be under the sole control of Catholic inspectors; and that the fund arising from the school tax be proportionally divided between Catholics and Protestants.

The claims are based upon the treaty of 1846, of which the second article guaranties to French residents in the islands the same rights and privileges which are now, or which hereafter may be, granted to the subjects of the most favored nation. Article six declares that French productions shall not be prohibited or subjected to a duty greater than five per cent. *ad valorem*—except in the cases of wines, brandies, and spirituous liquors, which may be subjected to an equitable duty, which the Government of the islands may see fit to impose, on condition that this duty shall never be sufficiently high to become an absolute prohibition to the importation of the said articles.

FACTS ABOUT CALIFORNIA.

Near Carlisle, Pa., *May* 11, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Dear Sir: In the *Era* of last week, I noticed an interesting letter over the signature of "Bryant," which, being from California, as there are many who are disposed to doubt of local sketches and descriptions from that State of "excitements," I wish to speak of; not that I can say anything that he has not said, or add to the interest of his theme, but that I am anxious to establish the *truth* of his epistle. Having but lately returned from California, where I spent two years, during which time there was a wide scope of observation to a "looker on," and ample means of acquiring a knowledge of men's feelings in regard to political movements, I feel constrained to verify his assertions; and I know of no one topic of general and public conversation, in whose discussion there was so intense interest manifested as that of *land monopoly*. There is, probably, no country where there is a more bitter hatred and stern opposition to a concentrated power, and a more decided resolution to have the principles of liberty and equal rights pervade the land, among the working classes, than in the golden State. The people are a more determined, firm, and fearless class of folk than is found everywhere; and when a man is known to favor monopoly of any kind, even down to mining claims, he is generally despised. Equal rights is their motto, and a strong opposition would be required to overbalance their firm determination of purpose to sustain those rights. Their power consists not so much in their vigilant efforts to create, as in their indomitable resolution to "submit to nothing wrong." If you would "muster up" a California regiment, tell them there is a system of usurpation being practiced upon them. I am speaking of the laboring classes, for I am acquainted with none other. These principles in their character were exemplified some two years ago, when the miners were ordered to quit the land of which "Bryant" speaks. A Buena Vista army could not have removed us. Not a man left his claim that wished to remain.

It is not believed that any one man has more power than another, or that A has a better right, so far as the first "taking up" of land is concerned, than B; and the mining regions, generally, are not well adapted to agricultural purposes, being too mountainous; hence *these* men *must* come to terms of equal privilege, or abandon the place.

And again, when a Convention was called in 1851, in Sonora, to consider the *division* project, the power of the miners was seen in the silent contempt which looked out from the sleeping energies of their concentrated wills, awaiting a call for action. I, with some brother miners, attended the Convention; but the opposition to the movement seemed like a lion looking upon the playful gambols of a kitten, to know no immediate danger threatened. Divide the State! No; not until it is washed away by the ocean, and South Carolina moves out in its place.

There are many reasons which might be assigned why the division of the State will not take place *soon*; but I shall only notice two. 1st, the present locality of its main population; and 2d, the nature of its soil.

I am not aware of the points—*termini*—of the line which is to divide the two new States; but it certainly will not run north of San Francisco. I think I am safe in saying that that portion of the population south of San Francisco is not more than one-fourth as much as that north. Let us weigh such towns as San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville, Nevada, Coloma Shasta, and the numerous towns of the coast and valleys, Vallejo, San Jose, Benicia, with the thousands of farmers, rancheros, and miners of the great valley of the Sacramento, American, and their tributaries, together with the more northern rivers—Klamuth, Trinity, &c., with the numerous towns on their banks, against Stockton, Sonora, Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, San Diego, and a wide extent of waste country, with a few little villages, that hope some time to be towns, on some of the branches of the San Joaquin, and we will readily perceive that the scale hangs lowest northward; though the population of California has been too shifting to compute in *exact* numbers the number of inhabitants.

However, all the towns I have mentioned in the south, combined, would not equal Sacramento, either in the *number* of their people, or in their intellectual condition. This, taken into consideration with its proximity to Oregon, the interests and political relations necessarily accruing therefrom, will go far to verify the prediction I have made. The northern Californians and the Oregonians (or, if you choose, the *Washingtonians*) live in countries so much alike in natural resources, that they are mutually interested in each other's welfare, and cannot change conditions with impunity; and here, again, we see a strong—the strongest—political incentive to remain as they are. Washington and Oregon will be free, and hence California—*northern* California—will be free; and the great weight and power of the State being in its northern part, the south *must* submit.

The soil of the State, the farther south, the less productive. I have travelled several days in succession, in the southern part of the State, without seeing a single green leaf or blade of grass, except along some lost stream wandering through the sand. I saw no vegetation, nor could I see any indications of there ever having been any but such as I have mentioned. It is sandy and parched—a desert. I am speaking of a *portion* only; for there is some as valuable land in southern California as ever the sun shone upon—but it is not all so. There is, too, a great deal of marshy land south, but north it is indeed scarce. Why so much greater population north than south, if not because the land is better, the rivers larger, timber better, and the natural sources of wealth more profusely spread abroad? From this we find that the great body of the people will always be in the north; and here is another obstacle in the way of division.

But I intended speaking of land monopolies. "Bryant" asks the aid of Government in adjusting the difficulties arising from the imperfect system now acting in the settlement of land claims for old grants, of which he has said sufficient. In this, I think he is entirely right; first, because it is a subject that belongs to a higher judicial tribunal than a mere *commission;* and second, because the people will not submit to adjustments such as have been made by said commission. From the late report of the Secretary of the Interior, it will be seen that many agencies of the Government have not only squandered our money, but wantonly violated solemn stipulations; and there are *few*, very few, unsullied posts of similar nature there. Let us listen to "Bryant's" call, and each of us do what he can to have Congress take hold of the subject, and rein up this spirit of profligacy; for, as he says, they can do but little of themselves. It is the duty of Congress to pass a general law, and then all will submit. W. A. P.

For the National Era.

DR. DANIEL DRAKE—A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

In the excitement of this bustling age, and amid the restless pursuit of wealth, fame, and pleasure, there is danger that the deeds of the worthy men who led the way in the settlement of these Western States may be forgotten, and their achievements, especially if they were in the peaceful pursuits of science, education, or philanthropy, pass from the minds of the generation now on the stage of action. It is due to their fame that the young men now rising to take their part in the world's affairs should at least be reminded of the deeds of those to whom we owe so much of the civil liberty and social privileges we enjoy. The lives of many of the pioneers of the Northwest, it is true, present no startling or even remarkable incidents to embellish the page of history. Having pursued the even tenor of their way in the ordinary avocations of life, they have left to their children the inheritance of a good example of honest and persevering industry, and the blessings of a higher civilization than when they first entered the land, the domain of the Indian and the wild beast.

Others there were, who were men of marked character—men of energetic mind and resolute will—who marked out a path for themselves, and devoted their powers perseveringly to the advancement of the physical or moral interests of society—men fitted by native talent or education to take a leading part in the great enterprises which mould the principles and habits of the age. Such were some of the zealous pioneers of Methodism, who in despite of every obstacle, and amid all kinds of peril, carried resolutely and successfully the banner of the Cross to the very outposts of civilization. Such, in another sphere, was the late Judge Burnet—a man who needed only the opportunity, wherever his lot might have been cast, to develop the fine traits of his naturally strong intellect. Such, in yet a different field, to some degree, was Daniel Drake. Gifted by nature above ordinary men, enriching his mind by constant reading and close observation in almost every department of science, he devoted all his energies to the advancement of the highest interests of society. To do good, was the leading principle of his nature; to live for his friends, for his country, and for mankind, his daily practice.

Dr. Drake was born at Plainfield, New Jersey, October 20, 1785. His parents removed to the West when he was less than three years old, and settled in Mason county, Kentucky. His early education was made up by two or three quarters' schooling in Dilworth's Spelling Book, and the acquisition of a knowledge of Arithmetic to the "Double Rule of Three." At fifteen years of age, he left his father's farm near Maysville, and came to this city to study medicine with Dr. Goforth. This was in December, 1800. At that time a few log cabins, protected from the incursions of the Indians by the garrison at Fort Washington, (which was in the town,) marked the site of the present Queen City of the West. There was then but one log-house between Columbia and what is now the eastern limits of Cincinnati, (a distance of six miles;) all the southeastern part of the city was then a frog pond, and the valley of Deer Creek a dark ravine covered with forest trees.

As an evidence of the high spirit which animated the future professor, it may be stated that he attended the medical lectures of the University of Pennsylvania in early manhood, reaching Philadelphia, nearly a thousand miles distant, (a great undertaking then,) through an almost uninhabited wilderness, with nearly exhausted finances. There he attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr. Rush, and was the first medical graduate from the Mississippi valley. At the close of the session, young Drake asked to be examined for his "degree." The reply was, "students *must* attend two courses of lectures before they can be examined for the degree of M. D.; such is the invariable rule." He rejoined, stating the poverty of Western pioneers, the immense distance of his home, and the ruggedness and uncivilized character of the country between Cincinnati and Philadelphia; said he asked no favors; let a rigid examination take place, and if he was not qualified in full, he would be content to go back without his diploma. His spirit conquered, and he gained his degree with high honors.

Naturally of an active, energetic, and sanguine temperament, he early became imbued with the ambition of becoming a public benefactor in the walks of science, literature, and benevolence. While a young man, he became one of the active founders of several societies, whose objects were the cultivation of science and the public good. Before these he often delivered essays or lectures on topics in Natural History, Medicine, or Social Action. One of these was published in the form of "Sketches of Cincinnati," in 1810. This soon after became the foundation of a more eloquent work, entitled "Picture of Cincinnati, including a Natural and Statistical View of the Miami Country," published in 1815. This made him known both in Europe and America, and was one of the first things which drew the attention of the public to this town and section of country. So accurate and full of research was this View of the Miami Country and of the localities of Cincinnati, that nothing substantial has been added to the account since. It was copied by many writers both at home and abroad, and has been the standard authority in reference to the natural features of this section of the West ever since.

Dr. Drake was eminent as a writer, and always of works of a practical character, looking to the improvement of the city, and the development of the great natural resources and capabilities of the West. The subjects which employed his pen—Botany, Geology, Mineralogy, Medicine, Education, Temperance, Slavery, and Religion. For a number of years he was editor and proprietor of the "Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences," a magazine for which he himself furnished a large amount of original matter. But his greatest work, and one which employed much of his time for six or eight years before his death, was a treatise on the Diseases and Climatology of the Mississippi Valley. One volume of this, occupying nearly a thousand pages, has been published, and it is not too much to say that it stands so far the greatest work on American science; it is so appreciated abroad, and will be at home. It was the only remaining ambition of his life to finish this work; and in the attempt, involving an immense amount of bodily and mental labor, he died. The work is left unfinished, but will remain a proud and enduring monument of the author's comprehensive mind, his philanthropy, his arduous labors, his energy, and untiring perseverance.

The Medical College of Ohio is another monument to his labors. He was one of its most active originators and founders, and it was on his own personal application that the charter of that institution was passed by the Legislature, in January, 1819. For many years subsequent, he was one of its Professors, and, though separated from it several times, held the chair of Theory and Practice in its Faculty at the time of his decease. He was for several years a Professor in the Lexington school in the period of its greatest prosperity; and in more recent years, in the Louisville school, which rapidly rose to an astonishing degree of success. Having been for more than thirty years a Professor in the medical schools of the West, the results of his instructions have been widespread, and there are few physicians in the Mississippi valley who, through his lectures or writings, are not familiar with his name and the characteristics of his genius. His discourse delivered before the Medical Society of this city, a year ago, filled with reminiscences of the early state of society here, and the physicians who practised in those times, as well as the progress of medical science and the medical schools, exhibited his acquaintance with the subject, his fine memory, and his evident enthusiasm in dwelling upon the characters and labors of his companions of by-gone years.

The Commercial Hospital at this place owes more to him than to any one besides. He was the most indefatigable of its originators; pressed its importance upon the Legislature, and persevered in his efforts until he saw it chartered and established. He introduced the Temperance enterprise in the West, by delivering in 1827 a discourse on the subject, advocating total abstinence from ardent spirits as a beverage, on the same grounds that Doctor Beecher had taken at the East. This lecture was delivered in the Court House on the afternoon of a warm day in summer, and attracted much attention at the time, his views being considered novel, as it was then the general custom among all classes of society to drink "in moderation." It was printed in pamphlet form, and the writer of this sketch, then a boy, well remembers the sensation produced by the lecture, and its being a common topic of conversation. From that period to his death, Dr. Drake continued one of the most earnest advocates of total abstinence principles, both in his instructions and his personal example.

While a Professor in Transylvania University, Ky., Dr. Drake became acquainted with Henry Clay, and in the canvass of 1824 he warmly advocated with his pen the election of the great Kentuckian to the Presidency. He was one of the few personal friends to whom Mr. Clay confided his intention of voting for Mr. Adams, in case the choice between him and General Jackson was thrown into the House of Representatives. He was a Whig in his political views, but was not a politician, being too much absorbed in other and more congenial pursuits to meddle in party politics.

The first Episcopal Church in Cincinnati was organized at the house of Dr. Drake, in 1815; and with that religious body he ever after sympathized, though he did not become a communicant until 1840. From that time till his death he was a most efficient member of the church, taking a deep interest and a prominent part in its various agencies of practical benevolence. He was Evangelical, and a decided Low Churchman in his religious views, and wrote very ably in defence of them in the *Episcopal Recorder* of Philadelphia. Towards other churches he was liberal, and always cooperated cordially with Christians of every name in the promotion of any benevolent enterprise.

In domestic life, the strength of his affection and all the finest traits of the heart were strongly exhibited. In 1806 he married Harriet Lisson, a neice of Gen. Mansfield, one of the early settlers in Ohio. With her he lived nearly twenty years, exhibiting towards her a strength of devotion seldom equalled—never exceeded. From her death he lived a widower, ever sorrowing over her memory. Three of his children, now with families, were the objects of his constant solicitude. With his two daughters he lived at the time of his death, and left them with the example of a life full of usefulness, and a hope beyond it "full of immortality."

Dr. Drake was a man of *great activity of mind:* there are very few men that have been more so. He *could never be idle* for a day. When not engaged in practice, he was preparing or delivering his lectures, or writing for the press, or engaged in forwarding some new enterprise. Never could he be contented to "lie up" and rest from labor in the decline of life. It was this *ceaseless activity*, leading him to *too close and arduous study*, that brought on a disease of the brain, and terminated his life. He was equally at home with the pen or in the desk, and alike laborious in investigation and in preparing his compositions for the public. His early associations with the woods and fields led him to love the study of Nature, and to cultivate a taste for the natural sciences. He was yet more a student of Man, and his wants, both social and physical; and, being anything but a mere theorizer, he was *eminently practical* in his views, and, however he may have erred in judgment at times, his aims were for the good of his fellow men. In intention he was a true-hearted philanthropist.

Such, in a few words, was the character of this distinguished physician, naturalist, writer, and orator, of original mind and varied attainments, and untiring devotion in the path of duty. In him, Cincinnati has lost one of her most substantial and large-hearted benefactors. The loss of such a man has no reparation but in the hope that, guided and enlightened by his example, many among the young of the present generation may emulate his virtues, and tread the same path of self-devotion to all the best interests of mankind. For ourselves, we can only lament the star that is set on this hemisphere, to rise no more. And yet, of that star may we not say, his

"Morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day."

Cincinnati, May 18, 1853. P.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Africa arrived at New York on May 19th.

The debate in Parliament on the rocket affair fully exonerates Kossuth from all proprietorship or participation in their manufacture. The whole matter is believed to have originated in an over-anxiety to satisfy Russia and Austria as to the English pledge of watchfulness on the movements of the refugees.

A deputation of the Peace Conference have solicited the Earl of Clarendon to insert in the treaties pending with the United States a clause to settle all future difficulties by arbitration. Lord Clarendon promised to give due consideration to the proposition.

The returns of the Board of Trade show a large increase on April exports.

France.—The Empress has recovered from her recent indisposition.

The legacies of Napoleon I, amounting to 200,000,000 francs, will not be presently acted upon, though they are regarded as claims of honor on the Empire.

Germany.—Considerable disaffection had taken place at Hesse Cassel, arising out of the Government prosecution of some of the members of the Chamber of Deputies.

Russia and Turkey.—The Russian authorities of Poland have issued an order to confiscate the property of absentees who have not embraced the amnesty.

The affair of the holy shrines is reported to be settled as the Emperor of Russia desired.

The matter of the Greek Patriarchate is now being discussed. The armaments have been stopped, and the fleets recalled.

The French fleet is still at Salamis Bay, manœuvring, to gratify King Otho.

Persia.—Persia is preparing another expedition against Herat. The British Ambassador announces that he will demand his passports, if the expedition proceeds.

MARRIAGE.

Married in Philadelphia, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Clay, Mr. William Blanchard, of Washington, to Miss Ella Virginia Emmons, of Philadelphia.

THE WATER CURE JOURNAL.

A new volume. Now is the time to subscribe. Published monthly, in a beautiful quarto. Illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the structure, anatomy, and physiology, of the human body, with familiar instructions to learners. It is emphatically a Journal of Health, designed to be a complete Family Guide in all cases and in all diseases.

Terms—only one dollar a year, in advance. Address, post paid, FOWLERS & WELLS, Clinton Hall, No. 131 Nassau street, New York.

"The Water Cure Journal holds a high rank in the science of health; always ready, straightforward, and plain-spoken, it unfolds the laws of our physical nature, without any pretensions to the technicalities of science, but in a form as attractive and refreshing as the sparkling element of which it treats."—*New York Tribune.* May 26—4t

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Mechanism, Education, Agriculture, the Natural Sciences, and General Intelligence—profusely illustrated with engravings. Every family, and especially all young men and women, should have a copy. Published monthly, at one dollar a year. All letters should be post paid, and directed to FOWLERS & WELLS, Clinton Hall, No. 131 Nassau street, New York.

Young men about launching forth upon the activities of life, and anxious to start right, and understand their course, will find this Journal a friend and monitor, to encourage them in virtue, shield them from vice, and to prepare them for usefulness and success in life. The various occupations will be discussed in the light of Phrenology and Physiology, so that every one may know in what pursuit he would be most likely to succeed. May 26—4t

ATTENTION!

SOLDIERS who served in the various wars, and sailors, or their widows or heirs, to whom arrears of pay, extra pay, bounty land, pensions, &c., may be due, may find it to their advantage to have their claims investigated. Address

A. M. GANGEWER,
Attorney and Agent, Washington, D. C.

Bounty-land warrants bought and sold.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, WASHINGTON, D. C., have now ready for delivery

MANUEL PEREIRA;
OR,
THE SOVEREIGN RULE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
WITH
Views of Southern Laws, Life, and Hospitality.

Written in Charleston, S. C., by F. C. Adams.

THE above work forms a beautiful 12mo volume of over 300 pages, small pica. Price—in paper, 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents. The usual discount to the Trade. Orders solicited. Copies sent by mail, prepaid, any distance under 3,000 miles, for 61 cents.

The above work is a delineation of the scenes and incidents connected with the imprisonment, in 1852, of Manuel Pereira, steward of the British brig Janson, in the jail of Charleston, S. C.

The following notice of this work is copied from the *National Era* of February 17:

"The above is the title of a work now in press, founded upon that infamous statute of South Carolina, by which her citizens claim a right to imprison *colored seamen*, of all nations, and even those cast upon their shores in distress. We have perused the book in advance of its publication, and find that it gives a life-like picture of Pereira, the vessel in which he sailed, the storms she encountered, and her wrecked condition when brought into the port of Charleston, S. C.; together with the imprisonment of Pereira, several seamen belonging to the New England States, and two French seamen; the prison regimen, character of the Charleston police, and the mendacity of certain officials, who make the law a medium of peculation. The work is replete with incidents of Southern life and character, pointing Southerners to the things that call for correction at their own hands, with a force that cannot be mistaken. The work is written by one who has taken a prominent part in the affairs of the South, and cannot fail to interest alike the general reader, commercial man, and philanthropist."

Any newspaper inserting the above advertisement, and sending a copy containing it to Buell & Blanchard, Washington, D. C., will have a copy of the work sent it, postage paid. Address

BUELL & BLANCHARD, Washington, D. C.

THE MUSICAL WORLD AND TIMES,

A LARGE Weekly Journal of sixteen pages, edited by Richard Storrs Willis, and which the best musical composers and writers in this country make their medium of communication with the public, contains, during the year, 208 pages (or $25 worth) of the very best music of all kinds; also, brilliant and instructive Essays on Music; a complete course of familiar Instruction in Harmony, which anybody can understand; a vast amount of attractive musical reading, anecdotes, and sketches of celebrated musicians, of musical history, &c. The most fearless and truthful criticisms of musical publications and performances, and the very pick and cream of Musical News, Novelty, and Incident, both foreign and domestic; the whole forming the most complete and valuable record of Musical Art it is possible to obtain. The wants of Country Choirs, and of ladies wishing for new music, but who are not living near music stores, are especially attended to.

Terms.—One copy, $3; two copies, $5; five copies, $10; and a person sending us a club of five, gets an extra copy for his trouble. Address Dyer & Willis, publishers of the Musical World and Times, 257 Broadway, New York.

☞ Another Musical Journal.—The subscribers also publish *The Monthly Musical Gazette*, an elegant journal of eight pages each number containing four pages of music, (making forty-eight pages a year,) and a great variety of interesting musical reading matter. *The Monthly Musical Gazette* is designed for the especial benefit of the thousands of music lovers whose musical knowledge and tastes demand easy and simple music, and whose purses require that it should be furnished at the cheapest possible rate.

Terms.—One copy 50 cents; three copies, $1; ten copies $3; twenty copies, $5; and a person sending us a club of twenty, gets an extra copy for his trouble. Address Dyer & Willis.

N. B.—Clergymen will be supplied with *The Musical World and Times* at one dollar a year; and with *The Monthly Musical Gazette* at twenty-five cents a year.

*** Agents wanted to obtain subscribers for the above-named publications. Liberal commission allowed.

Now is the time to subscribe, as the new volume begins on the 1st of January, 1853. Jan 13.

MARLBORO' HOTEL.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE. JENKS & PARKS, No. 229 Washington street, Boston. C. W. JENKS. March 20—1y. [illegible]

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

I AM still engaged in the prosecution of claims against the Government. Such of the soldiers of the Mexican war, or their heirs, as have filed claims to bounty land, and had them suspended or rejected, or who have not applied, will do well to open a correspondence with me, as I can obtain their land in almost every instance. There are about 15,000 such claims on file in the Pension Office, nearly every one of which I can have allowed if authorized to act for the claimant. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

☞ Suspended claims under act of September 28, 1850, also successfully prosecuted, and no fee will be charged in any case unless land is procured. Address

Sept. 25. A. M. GANGEWER, Washington, D. C.

AVERY'S SEWING MACHINES.

Price only $25!—Patented October 19, 1852.

THIS machine is acknowledged by all who have used it to be superior to that of any other sewing machine ever invented, for its simplicity, compactness, the beauty and strength of its stitch, and its cheapness. It weighs about 25 pounds, and costs *only* from $25 to $30. It will work neatly, with the smallest thread, the finest muslin, cambrio, or silk, as well as linen, woollen, and cotton goods, and all kinds of leather. It is so simple that a child of ten years of age can understand and work it rapidly, without any danger of its getting out of order, and can do the work of more than twenty seamstresses much better in every respect than it can be done by hand. The stitches are independent of each other—so much so, that if every other stitch is cut, the seam still holds good and strong. It is unlike and much better than any other sewing machine ever invented. This machine is peculiarly adapted to family use, as it will do all kinds of sewing, and, when known, will be generally introduced into families.

The Avery Sewing Machine Company have perfected their arrangements for manufacturing on the largest scale, and will supply any number of machines at the shortest notice. Orders addressed to CHARLES NETTLETON, 251 Broadway, New York, will receive prompt attention.

Dec. 30—6m

ÆOLIAN PIANO FORTES.

T. Gilbert & Co.'s *New York Ware-rooms 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony st., and opposite Broadway Bank and Theatre,*

WHERE the largest assortment of Pianos with and without the celebrated Improved Æolian, may be found—all of which have the metallic frame, and are warranted to stand any climate, and give entire satisfaction, and will be sold at great bargains. By an experience of eight years, resulting in many important improvements, the Æolian has been brought to a perfection attained by no others. Nearly 2,000 Æolians have been applied, and the demand is rapidly increasing. Elegant Boudoir or Cottage Pianos, convenient for small rooms. T. G. & Co.'s Pianos are admitted to be superior to all others, owing to their firmness and long standing in tune. Prices same as at the manufactory. Dealers supplied at liberal discounts. E. H. Wade's, and the entire Boston catalogue of Music and Instruction Books, furnished at this store at wholesale.

HORACE WATERS, Sole Agent.

Constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of second hand Pianos, in rosewood and mahogany cases, varying in prices from $30 to $150. Second hand Æolian Pianos, from $200 to $275. Grand Pianos, from $300 to $700. Prince & Co.'s Melodeons, from $35 to $90. Carhart's, $55 to $90. Guitars, from $10 to $75, &c., &c. Sept. 16—1y

THE OXYGEN LAMP.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform the public that they are the sole manufacturers for the original Oxygen Lard or Oil Lamp, as patented by D. Kinnear, Feb. 4th, 1851. This lamp has been before the public for three years, during which time there have been over one hundred thousand sold, and it has received three first premiums and two diplomas.

The subscribers have now on hand at their shop in Circleville, Ohio, fifteen thousand of these lamps, which are ready for all orders that may be received. In prices we offer great inducements to Dry Goods and Hardware merchants, Tinmen, Pedlars, &c.

We caution the public against all imitations of this lamp, as we intend prosecuting all infringements of either manufacturer, vender, or user.

Persons who will make the selling of this lamp their sole business, may realize handsome profits, as the success of our agents testify.

Rights for twenty-six different States for sale.

RICHARDSON & BROTHERLIN,
Nov. 4—6m Circleville, Ohio.

REAL ESTATE AND PROPERTY REGISTRATION OFFICE.

THE undersigned have opened an Office for the Registration of Real Estate and other property, negotiating Sales, Loans, Exchanges, raising of Companies, &c., throughout the different States; and are appointing local agents in all the different counties.

Applications are entered in the Register, and placed on the files designated for their locality, open to the examination of all, free of charge, and must be accompanied with a Registration Fee of $1, the receipt of which will be acknowledged. Commissions on Sales, Exchanges, &c., two per cent.; and other matters, requiring special negotiation, subject to special agreement.

As the Agency does not propose to sell, but negotiate and send purchasers to the owners, no special authority is requisite; but when a sale by the Agency is desired, authority must be given.

The business of the Agency is published extensively through the Press and by Circulars, in all parts of this country, and in Europe, where we expect one of our firm will for the present reside, and where also we shall have agents in the principal ports of embarkation; and special efforts are made to induce Capitalists, immigrants and others, to examine the Register and Files of the Agency.

BRONSON, KNAPP & CO., Real Estate and Property Brokers, No. 116 Broadway, N. Y.

Refer to Courtlandt Palmer, Esq., No. 177 Broadway, New York; Hon. Alwin Bronson, Oswego, N. Y.; Gov. Wood, and ex Gov. Ford, Ohio; Hon. R. W. Thompson, Ind.; Hon. D. A. Noble and Hon. J. R. Williams, Mich.; Hon. Robert Smith, Ill.; Hon. J. R. Underwood, Ky.; Hon. A. C. Dodge, Iowa; Hon. J. D. Doty, Wis. Jan. 27—3m

MINING AGENCY,

New York, 62 William street, Room No. 12.

THIS Agency is established for the purchase and sale, on commission, of unimproved mines and mining stocks in companies organized and at work. Also, for furnishing all kinds of machinery and mining tools, as ordered. Also, the chemical analysis of ores and other substances, as forwarded from any part of the country. A printed circular, giving full explanations, will be sent in answer to any post paid letter, enclosing one three cent post office stamp.

Dec. 30—1y J. R. BARBOUR & CO.

STAMMERING CURED—ELOCUTION TAUGHT.

DR. COMSTOCK'S *Vocal Gymnasium*, Philadelphia, which has been in successful operation for more than twenty years, is designed for the Promotion of Health, the Cure of Stammering, and the Correction of Lisping and other Defective Articulation, as well as for Improvement in Elocution. Address A. COMSTOCK, M. D., No. 102 Mulberry street, Philadelphia.

PHONETIC WORKS.

Dr. Comstock is the author of the *American Phonetic Alphabet*, the only *perfect* alphabet that has been given to the world, because it is the only alphabet that has a distinct letter for every articulate sound, and signs for accent, inflection, and intonation. Dr. C. has published, in this alphabet, his *System of Elocution*, $1; the *New Testament*, $1.25; the first book of *Pope's Homer's Iliad*, with copious notes, 50 cents; *My Little Geography*, 25 cents; and a number of other works. Aug. 12.

WASHINGTON. D. C.

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For the National Era.

THE SOUTHERN PLATFORM;

OR,

MANUAL OF SOUTHERN SENTIMENT ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

Being a Compilation from the Writings of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and others, whose names are consecrated in the affections of the Southern People—the Debates in the Federal and State Conventions which framed and ratified the Constitution of the United States—those which occurred in the first Congresses which sat during the Administration of General Washington—and extracts from the Debate in the Virginia Legislature in 1832; with various letters, judicial decisions, &c.

BY DANIEL R. GOODLOE, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

[CONTINUED.]

DR. FRANKLIN'S WORKS, VOL. II.

An Address to the Public, from the Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of Slavery, and the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage.

It is with peculiar satisfaction we assure the friends of humanity, that, in prosecuting the design of our association, our endeavors have proved successful, far beyond our most sanguine expectations.

Encouraged by this success, and by the daily progress of that luminous and benign spirit of liberty which is diffusing itself throughout the world, and humbly hoping for the continuance of the divine blessing on our labors, we have ventured to make an important addition to our original plan, and do therefore earnestly solicit the support and assistance of all who can feel the tender emotions of sympathy and compassion, or relish the exalted pleasure of beneficence.

Slavery is such an atrocious debasement of human nature, that its very extirpation, if not performed with solicitous care, may sometimes open a source serious evils.

The unhappy man, who has long been treated as a brute animal, too frequently sinks beneath the common standard of the human species. The galling chains that bind his body, do also fetter his intellectual faculties, and impair the social affections of his heart. Accustomed to move like a mere machine, by the will of a master, reflection is suspended; he has not the power of choice, and reason and conscience have but little influence over his conduct, because he is chiefly governed by the passion of fear. He is poor and friendless, perhaps worn out by extreme labor, age, and disease.

Under such circumstances, freedom may often prove a misfortune to himself, and prejudicial to society.

Attention to emancipated black people, it is therefore to be hoped, will become a branch of our national police; but, as far as we contribute to promote this emancipation, so far that attention is evidently a serious duty incumbent on us, and which we mean to discharge to the best of our judgment and abilities.

To instruct, to advise, to qualify those who have been restored to freedom, for the exercise and enjoyment of civil liberty, to promote in them habits of industry, to furnish them with employments suited to their age, sex, talents, and other circumstances, and to procure their children an education calculated for their future situation in life—these are the great outlines of the annexed plan, which we have adopted, and which we conceive will essentially promote the public good, and the happiness of these our hitherto too much neglected fellow-creatures.

A plan so extensive cannot be carried into execution without considerable pecuniary resources, beyond the present ordinary funds of the society. We hope much from the generosity of enlightened and benevolent freemen, and will gratefully receive any donations or subscriptions for this purpose, which may be made to our Treasurer, James Starr, or to James Pemberton, Chairman of our Committee of Correspondence.

Signed, by order of the Society,

B. FRANKLIN, *President.*

Philadelphia, November 9, 1789.

On the Slave Trade.

Dr. Franklin's name, as President of the Abolition Society, was signed to the memorial presented to the House of Representatives of the United States, on the 12th of February, 1789, praying them to exert the full extent of power vested in them by the Constitution, in discouraging the traffic of the human species. This was his last public act. In the debates to which this memorial gave rise, several attempts were made to justify the trade. In the *Federal Gazette* of March 25th, 1790, there appeared an essay, signed "Historicus," written by Dr. Franklin, in which he communicated a speech, said to have been delivered in the Divan of Algiers, in 1687, in opposition to the prayer of the petition of a sect called *Erika*, or Purists, for the abolition of piracy and slavery. This pretended African speech was an excellent parody of one delivered by Mr. Jackson, of Georgia. All the arguments, urged in favor of negro slavery are applied with equal force to justify the plundering and enslaving of Europeans. It affords, at the same time, a demonstration of the futility of the arguments in defence of the slave trade, and of the strength of mind and ingenuity of the author, at his advanced period of life. It furnishes, too, a no less convincing proof of his power of imitating the style of other times and nations, than his celebrated *Parable against Persecution.* And as the latter led many persons to search the Scriptures with a view to find it, so the former caused many persons to search the bookstores and libraries for the work from which it was said to be extracted.—*Dr. Stuber.*

MARCH 23, 1790.*

To the Editor of the Federal Gazette:

SIR: Reading last night in your excellent paper the speech of Mr. Jackson in Congress against their meddling with the affair of slavery, or attempting to mend the condition of the slaves, it put me in mind of a similar one made about one hundred years since, by Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim, a member of the Divan of Algiers, which may be seen in Martin's account of his consulship, anno 1687. It was against granting the petition of the sect called *Erika*, or Purists, who prayed for the abolition of piracy and slavery, as being unjust. Mr. Jackson does not quote it; perhaps he has not seen it. If, therefore, some of its reasonings are to be found in his eloquent speech, it may only show that men's interests and intellects operate and are operated on with surprising similarity in all countries and climates, whenever they are under similar circumstances. The African's speech, as translated, is as follows:

"*Allah Bismillah, &c., God is great, and Mahomet is his Prophet.*

"Have these *Erika* considered the consequences of granting their petition? If we cease our cruises against the Christians, how shall we be furnished with the commodities their countries produce, and which are so necessary for us? If we forbear to make slaves of their people, who, in this hot climate, are to cultivate our lands? Who are to perform the common labors of our city and in our families? Must we not, then, be our own slaves? And is there not more compassion and more favor due to us, as Mussulmen, than to these Christian dogs? We have now above fifty thousand slaves in and near Algiers. This number, if not kept up by fresh supplies, will soon diminish, and be gradually annihilated. If we then cease taking and plundering the Infidel ships, and making slaves of the seamen and passengers, our lands will become of no value, for want of cultivation; the rents of houses in the city will sink one-half; and the revenue of Government, arising from its share of prizes, be totally destroyed! And for what? To gratify the whims of a whimsical sect, who would have us not only forbear making more slaves, but even manumit those we have.

"But who is to indemnify their masters for the loss? Will the State do it? Is our Treasury sufficient? Will the *Erika* do it? Can they do it? Or would they, to do what they think justice to the slaves, do a greater injustice to the owners? And if we set our slaves free, what is to be done with them? Few of them will return to their countries; they know too well the greater hardships they must there be subject to; they will not embrace our holy religion; they will not adopt our manners; our people will not pollute themselves by intermarrying with them. Must we maintain them as beggars in our streets, or suffer our properties to be the prey of their pillage? For men accustomed to slavery will not work for a livelihood, when not compelled. And what is there so pitiable in their present condition? Were they not slaves in their own countries?

"Are not Spain, Portugal, France, and the Italian States, governed by despots, who hold all their subjects in slavery, without exception? Even England treats its sailors as slaves, for they are, whenever the Government pleases, seized, and confined in ships of war, condemned not only to work, but to fight, for small wages, or a mere subsistence, not better than our slaves are allowed by us. Is their condition, then, made worse by their falling into our hands? No; they have only exchanged one slavery for another, and, I may say, a better—for here they are brought into a land where the sun of Islamism gives forth its light, and shines in full splendor, and they have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the true doctrine, and thereby saving their immortal souls. Those who remain at home have not that happiness. Sending the slaves home, then, would be sending them out of light into darkness.

"I repeat the question, What is to be done with them? I have heard it suggested that they may be planted in the wilderness, where there is plenty of land for them to subsist on, and where they may flourish as a free State; but they are, I doubt, too little disposed to labor without compulsion, as well as too ignorant to establish a good Government; and the wild Arabs would soon molest and destroy or again enslave them. While serving us, we take care to provide them with everything, and they are treated with humanity. The laborers in their own country are, as I am well informed, worse fed, lodged, and clothed. The condition of most of them is, therefore, already mended, and requires no further improvement. Here their lives are in safety. They are not liable to be impressed for soldiers, and forced to cut one another's Christian throats, as in the wars of their own countries. If some of the religious-mad bigots, who now tease us with their silly petitions, have in a fit of blind zeal freed their slaves, it was not generosity, it was not humanity, that moved them to the action—it was from a conscious burthen of a load of sins, and a hope, from the supposed merits of so good a work, to be excused from damnation.

"How grossly are they mistaken to suppose slavery to be disallowed by the Alcoran! Are not the two precepts, to quote no more, '*Masters, treat your slaves with kindness; Slaves, serve your masters with cheerfulness and fidelity,*' clear proofs to the contrary? Nor can the plundering of Infidels be in that sacred book forbidden, since it is well known from it, that God has given the world, and all that it contains, to his faithful Mussulmen, who are to enjoy it of right as fast as they conquer it. Let us, then, hear no more of this detestable proposition, the manumission of Christian slaves, the adoption of which would, by depreciating our lands and houses, and thereby depriving so many good citizens of their properties, create universal discontent, and provoke insurrections, to the endangering of Government, and producing general confusion. I have, therefore, no doubt but this wise council will prefer the comfort and happiness of a whole nation of true believers, to the whim of a few *Erika*, and dismiss their petition."

The result was, as Martin tells us, that the Divan came to this resolution: "The doctrine, that plundering and enslaving the Christians is unjust, is, at best, *problematical;* but that it is the interest of this State to continue the practice, is clear; therefore, let the petition be rejected."

And it was rejected accordingly.

And since like motives are apt to produce in the minds of men like opinions and resolutions, may we not, Mr. Brown, venture to predict, from this account, that the petitions to the Parliament of England for abolishing the slave trade, to say nothing of other Legislatures, and the debates upon them, will have a similar conclusion?

I am, sir, your constant reader, and humble servant,

HISTORICUS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* This paper is dated only twenty-four days before the author's death, which happened on the 17th of April following.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM CUBA.

HAVANA, *March* 9, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

It is sad to think how much of our national sensitiveness is lodged in the "Peculiar Institution." I have never heard that, during the time when the pirates of the Caribbean sea were ravaging these West Indian waters, an American vessel of suspicious rig, appearing in a suspicious neighborhood, was allowed to pass unchallenged by any English man of war that happened to meet her, or that our national susceptibilities took fire at the discharge of their police duty, in such cases, by foreign vessels. *Then* we sincerely wanted to be rid of the annoyance and saved from the loss to which the pirates subjected our commerce. *That* form of piracy was hateful in our eyes. But now, things have changed. The only pirates that infest these waters now, are the slavers, and, though we quite agree with the rest of mankind in denouncing the slave trade as piracy, still we have a gentle way of dealing with slavers, and our dislike of the business is rather general to the trade than particular to those engaged in it. And so, though we know very well that the American flag is a favorite ensign with the slavers, and that slaving vessels are very often of American build, and that slaving captains and crews are not unfrequently of American extraction, still we cannot endure, for a moment, that a vessel under the American flag should be questioned on the seas by a foreign cruiser, however suspicious may be her manœuvres or the neighborhood in which she is found. Just now, for instance, some patriotic persons in the Havana are manufacturing explosive machines, in the shape of communications to the home press, which are destined to startle America from her slumbers, and awaken her to the danger her honor, her name, perhaps her political existence, are continually incurring in the Cuban waters. An American ship—the Harriet—a republican merchantman, has been actually *fired upon* by a British man of war! A myrmidon of monarchy has boarded the deck of an American vessel! What shall we do about it? or, rather, what shall we *not* do about it? Mr. Douglas, who so well understands the sentiments of England towards America, perhaps can trace back to its source, in the malicious counsels of an Aberdeen and a Palmerston, this atrocious insult to the majesty of the people, and point us to the sovereign remedy for such intolerable ills! Of course, we are to hear no excuses, no justification of this unjustifiable conduct. What is it to us, that the slaver who recently sacrificed the lives of four hundred miserable Africans, in attempting to run into a creek on the southern side of the island, brought his wretched cargo on the coast under the starry flag of freedom? What is it to us, that the slaver who successfully landed his victims in the bay of Cardenas, near Jucaio, sailed with an American vessel, displaying American colors, and manned almost entirely by Americans, directly past the English squadron—the officers of which, taking his vessel to be a bonâ fide American merchantman, allowed her to pass unmolested and unchallenged? What is it to us, that among the vessels now expected to arrive here, from Africa, there is at least one large American barque, which, being plainly American in her build, cannot display Spanish colors without at once betraying herself, as none but Spanish-built vessels are now allowed to use the national flag? All these considerations might go to justify the proceedings of the English officer, in the eyes of a nation sincerely anxious for the suppression of the slave trade. But, alas! what need we care about the African slave trade, so long as it does not interfere with our own *domestic* commerce? Indeed, ought we not rather to have some tenderness for a traffic which employs our vessels, and sometimes our citizens, on such remunerative terms? Who can build such fast vessels as we? and in what other trade is speed in such demand? A swift American brig or barque sold to-day, at a fine price, in the Havana, is soon despatched for Africa, takes on board her negroes, evades the cruisers east and west, runs in upon a quiet part of the coast, lands her cargo, is scuttled and sunk. Her owners, who have paid from $20 to $70 a head for their victims in Africa, sell them here at from $350 to $500; and, when the loss of the vessel and the expenses of the voyage are all accounted for, such a "handsome profit" remains, that another "handsome and swift American barque, entirely ready to go to sea"—such as you may see advertised in the Havana journals every week—is soon purchased, and sent on the same errand. Once landed, the negroes are beyond the reach of pursuit—at least, such has always been the case till within two months, when the first instance of a seizure of slaves, on the plantations of those who had bought them, has occurred. The slaver above mentioned as having run by the English squadron into Cardenas bay, after discharging his cargo, *set fire* to his vessel, instead of scuttling her. The flames being seen by the English, they despatched boats to assist the burning vessel, and so discovered the game that had been played. Information was given to the Captain General, at once; and, search being made, the captain of the vessel seized, and the owners implicated, the matter was compromised by giving up three hundred negroes to the mixed commission. This mixed commission, as you are probably aware, is made up of English and Spanish judges, and sits here at the Havana to determine slave cases. The "emancipados," as they are called, or negroes set free by this commission, are apprenticed for a term of eight years, in the island, at the end of which time they are set free, either to be carried back to Africa, or to one of the English West India islands—generally to Jamaica. As the unfortunate men are generally captives of war, it would be impossible to restore them to their *own country,* which, in many cases being in the interior, could only be reached by traversing the territory of the enemies to whom they owed their loss of liberty. This by the way. General Canedo, who, as I mentioned before, is now expecting his recall, may have wished, by this act of energy in enforcing the treaty with England, to discredit the insinuations thrown out against him, of favoring the slave trade overmuch. He has at least aroused against himself the hostility of the Creoles, who regard such an act as an infringement of their sacred rights. And it will afford no precedent for the future. Bozales, or "muzzled ones"—Africans who cannot say from whence they came—will be henceforth, as heretofore they have been, Cuban slaves to all intents and purposes, when once within the island. That they may be safely landed will be *our* cars. We must support our captains in their contempt of the foreign squadrons. We must let the world know that whatever is done under the American flag is sacred from inspection by foreign eyes. Nay, more—we must teach foreigners that they are to know American ships *by intuition.* Why put our captains to the inconvenience of hoisting their colors, merely because a foreigner is looking after pirates? The "Harriet," it is understood, did not perform this antiquated ceremony, when signalled to do so; and the Briton has the audacity to put forward this fact as a reason for bringing her to with a shot! Seriously and solemnly, what ought more to humiliate us in our own eyes, than such miserable attempts to make "our national honor" a cloak to cover our secret dislike of all efforts against slavery, if not a shield to protect and encourage the slave trade?

April 11.

Havana is a ridiculously expensive place. In London or Paris one may spend vast sums of money, if he likes and is able, in the purchase of ephemeral satisfactions and magnificent trifles; but the satisfactions, however expensive, will probably be satisfactory, and the trifles, however trivial, certainly magnificent; whereas in Havana one must pay the price of luxuries for mere necessities, and those poor of their kind. If a man could live on guava jelly and cigars, I suppose he might find Havana an economical place; but if he requires anything else—if he wants bread and meat and water, and a good bed to sleep in—let him go to Antioch or Damascus, to Ancona or Brindisi, rather than to Havana. At his hotel he will have to pay more than at the best houses in New York; and if he has ever scolded his landlord at the Astor, the St. Nicholas, the New York, or the Clarendon, for putting him up stairs beyond the reach of bells and waiters, and in a room so small that he must go out of the window to get into bed, he will experience severe mental remorse when he learns that the second bed in his large, airy, Havana chamber is likely at any moment to be tenanted by a stranger; and that when two more cots have cut off his access to the washstand and looking-glass, a fourth weary wanderer, just landed from the Chagres boat, and dying with the isthmus fever, may be laid by his side, in the comfortable double bed which he had thoughtlessly appropriated to himself on his first entrance into the room. I am drawing no fancy sketch. "Such things have been." And every day which I pass alone in this chamber of mine is as dear to me as if I were a respited criminal, uncertain of the morrow. A caravanserai were better than this state of things. I would rather bring my bed with me, knowing that I should have a place apart, wherein to lay it privately and peacefully, than sleep on down after this most primitive fashion. It is very picturesque, no doubt, and reminds one of the Posadas in Don Quixotte; but it "likes me not," and in a country with railroads is not to be tolerated. Let us have either one thing or the other. If we must sleep four in a room, let us travel on mules exclusively à franc-etrier, and dine every day under the trees with strolling actors. But it does not harmonize, to have the middle ages at our inn, and the nineteenth century on the road. These sudden changes of mental temperature are more trying than those of a New England spring.

But Havana is not only an expensive place; it is an unwholesome one within the walls. The harbor having only one narrow entrance, the waters are very stupid and sluggish. All the blandishments of this beautiful moon are thrown away on their inert mass. They lie lazily motionless, like a great tortoise, and gorge themselves on the offal of the city. Here is one source of disease. Then the city walls, which could keep out nothing else, keep out the blessed air of Heaven, which is thus constrained to blow *over* the city, and not *through* it. If you live on a street which runs from a gate to the waterside, you are always in a draught; in any other street, you might as well be in somebody's pocket. This is source the second of disease. The authorities are well aware of this state of things, and nothing would be easier than to cut another channel to the sea, across the narrow neck of land which lies opposite the Moro—excepting, perhaps, to pull down the worse than useless landward walls of the town. There have been propositions made by private parties, and very fair ones, to do both these things; but, as yet, nothing has come of them. The third nuisance of the Havana consists in the nature of the stone used here in building, and in making the roads. The neighborhood of the city gates is always disagreeable with clouds of a fine lime-dust, which penetrates the nostrils and the mouth, and, clinging to the interior of the head and throat, takes as it were a cast in plaster of those regions of the body. You never see a Creole gentleman ride through the gates, without holding his handkerchief to his face, in a way which gives you at first the impression that everybody you meet has just come from the dentist's. It is, however, only a precaution against this dust, which tends to cause very dangerous inflammations of the throat and eyes.

The environs of Havana are very beautiful. I have already spoken of the Cerro, with its pretty country houses and fine views, of the Tacon Paseo, and the Rosetree road. Besides these, the quintas of some of the Creole nobles—the "sugar nobles," as the Spaniards call them, with a disdain hardly justifiable at the bar of common sense, since a sugar noble certainly is not less respectable than a blood noble, nor a title bought with good gold ounces less honorable than one obtained by successful rapine, or menial services rendered to some vulgar, sensual prince. The quintas of some of these Creole counts and marquises are very pleasant resorts in those delightful mornings. The gardens are generally neglected, but all-bountiful Nature makes them lovely, in spite of man's neglect. Gorgeous flowers—fruit-trees like the zapote and the aquacate, that rival shade-trees in their noble size and their masses of foliage—palm avenues, which display to perfection the best attributes of a tree for which "it is not good that it be alone;" these, and the soft early sunlight and the pleasant morning breeze, make a ramble through the grounds of Santa Venia, or Palatino, one of the most agreeable features of life in the Havana. Then we have a glorious row by moonlight across the land-locked bay, dotted all over by the stately forms of ships, sleeping on the waters; and afternoon drives around the shore to the old Indian town of Guanabacoa, from the heights of which one enjoys the finest possible view of the city, out to Pincntes Grandes, where the green Almendares, the Guadalquiver of the Habanero poets, glides under hanging groves, swiftly but stealthily along to the sea, till its course is impeded and its speed betrayed by a ledge of rocks, over which it leaps angrily enough in a series of small cascades; or through the tangled, treacherous mangroves to the Chorera, where the same Almendares slips quietly out into the Gulf. But perhaps the finest excursions around Havana are the drive to Fort Principe, a fine fortification westward of the city, and the walk beyond the Moro, along the sea shore to the Colonia—a little river, at the mouth of which the English landed when they took Havana, and where the sage Spaniards, when Lord Bute in his wisdom restored the island to them, forthwith erected a fortress, as if they imagined that there and there only could any future invaders ever disembark. This fort is distant about three miles from the Moro, and I find myself quite a hero in this land of laziness, for accomplishing such a walk. The shore is interesting, not only from its formation—which is of a very singular and apparently volcanic rock, broken and jagged, in color most like the old red sandstone of which some of the English cathedrals are built, and in form precisely resembling masses of dead iron, such as are flung out of old furnaces, or the heaps of scoriæ which encumber the sides of Etna and Vesuvius, and overlaid and strewn with innumerable fragments of coral and sea shells, often very beautiful, but generally shattered or worn by the waves—but also to me principally from the magnificence of the sea view.

The promontory and towers of the Moro conceal the city; and far as the eye can range, nothing is visible but the widening deep blue waters of the Gulf, save when a huge bird goes swaying through the air, or a gallant ship scuds along the horizon, or the great golden ball of the sun sinks out of sight in the floods of the west, empurpled by his last rays.

But time sweeps on, and, not far off, I see the day when, where the Moro Castle now frowns defiance from its lonely rock, a huge, white, many-windowed house, with broad piazzas and multitudinous Ionic colonnades, will rear its awful form; where the weary sentinel paces his solitary round, the polka will be madly danced by beardless boys and brainless girls, to the music of Dodsworth's band. The irregular beaches over which the searcher after shells and stones now picks his careful way, well beaten into a capital shell road, will mock the tossing foam of the sea with the manes of fast horses, urged to flying speed by faster men, in trotting wagons; and the summer glory of Newport and Nahant will be outshone through all the winter months by the splendid follies of Castle Moro Hotel!

W. H. H.

For the National Era.

MISERICORDIA.

I am alone, and in my lonesome musing
Spirits of early friends come to my side;
They that were called, and went without refusing,
They that in youth laid by their work and died—
These wander by my side.

I cannot help but gaze into their faces;
I know their mission by the smiles they wear;
In their bright features I behold no traces
Of earthly sorrow or soul-wasting care.
What holy smiles they wear!

And one among them, her white wings unfolding,
Whispers a name in life most fondly dear,
Then soars away from my intense beholding,
Far fading in the sunset atmosphere—
My friend, THY name I hear.

When birds and flowers return, my heart will borrow
A thrill of gladness from each song and flower;
Yet, Oh my friend! the memory of thy sorrow
Saddens the spring-song of this Sabbath hour—
Saddens both song and flower.

On that last lonely night, when all was over,
And arm in arm we gazed where life had fled—
While Death, like a felt presence, seemed to hover,
'Mid the hushed stillness, round the loved, the dead,
Whence love with life had fled—

I could not tell thee, when *thy heart* was breaking,
What wild, deep sympathy, welled up in *mine;*
Nor how, at times its new-found joy forsaking,
It longed to suffer agony like thine—
Such sympathy *was* mine.

I pictured her, in whom my being centred,
Pallid and pulseless, wrapped in chilling white;
I saw the heartless bearers, as they entered
To take her from me to the grave's cold night,
Where morn ne'er follows night;

And then I knew what anguish, spirit-crushing,
Had torn your wedded being, part from part;
And sometimes now, though Love's fresh springs are gushing,
I seem, with thee, to bear a widowed heart:
I share thy life in part.

Welcome to spring-time! Though it needs must sadden,
Its healing influence will sweetly soothe—
Bring balm to feelings which it may not gladden,
And cheer the rough path which it cannot smooth;
May it thy sorrow soothe!

Does not the robin seem an angel singing,
When his rich warbling through the twilight flows,
Sweet salutations from *her* spirit bringing—
As once he sung her life's triumphant close—*
Till thy full heart o'erflows?

When tear-eyed *April* o'er young May is stooping,
Weeping a farewell on her sister's brow,
Do not *her* grave-flowers spring from winter's drooping,
Emblems of her immortal beauty now?
A light is on thy brow;

And by the magic of the Poet's vision
I see that Bright One with thee evermore,
Filling thy soul with thoughts of calm decision,
Till God that parted shall again restore,
To part you nevermore.

G. K. C.

* The morning after Maria's death, her father said to me, "Last night, while she was dying, a robin perched on the cherry-tree, and sang her requiem."

Yonkers, May 9, 1852.

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

The Decease of the Hon. Jacob Burnet.

CINCINNATI, *May* 13, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Our city has been called to mourn, this week, the death of the oldest and most distinguished of her citizens—one of the pioneers of the State, who took a conspicuous part in framing the institutions under which we now live. Judge Jacob Burnet died at his residence, in this place, on the 10th instant, at the patriarchal age of 83, having been born on the 22d of February, 1770. Judge Burnet came to Cincinnati in 1776, which has been the place of his residence ever since. On his arrival here, he found the place a small village of four or five hundred inhabitants, exclusive of the troops at Fort Washington, then commanded by Captain Harrison, afterwards President of the United States—and the whole Northwest Territory numbering but a few thousand people. He lived to see a city of more than one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, and four millions and a half of people scattered over territory the greater part of which was traversed by him, in his journeys from one place of holding court to another, when it was all a wilderness, without roads or bridges, and all kinds of perils and privations had to be encountered. Few men have lived to see such changes, social and political, as he, and few have taken so active a part in modelling and perfecting the political institutions of the State, or in encouraging, with their influence and means, the many benevolent and literary societies of the day.

Judge Burnet graduated at Princeton College, in 1791, during the presidency of the venerable Dr. Witherspoon. He studied law in the office of Judge Boudinot, of New Jersey, and was licensed to practice his profession in the Supreme Court of that State, in 1796. Immediately after his admission to the bar, he removed to Cincinnati, and, it is said, was at the time in delicate health, having the symptoms of consumption; but the exercise and toil he had to endure in his chosen field of labor, had the effect of renewing his health, and invigorating his constitution thoroughly. The court being in session when he arrived, he was immediately admitted to the bar, and, before the close of the term, was retained in a large portion of the cases then on the docket. He attended every term of the General Court, at Cincinnati, Marietta, and Detroit, from his first arrival in the Territory till the establishment of the State Government. At that day, he and those who travelled with him had to endure privations peculiar to a new and unsettled country. They carried their own provisions, slept on the ground, and swam on their horses all the watercourses that were too deep to be forded.

In 1799, a Territorial Government was established in Ohio, and Mr. Burnet was appointed by President Adams, with the advice and consent of the Senate, one of the Legislative Council, and continued a member of that body till the State Government was established, in the winter of 1802–'3. In the Territorial legislation he took an active part, and the records show that a large part of the business was prepared by him. The claim of Kentucky to the exclusive jurisdiction of the Ohio river, to the shore on the Ohio side, was strongly resisted by him; and, owing to his research into the subject, and his influence in the Legislature, the question was satisfactorily settled as it stands now—the navigation of the river being free to the people of the States on each side. During the war of 1812, he was a member of the State Legislature, and could have been continued in it longer, but for his declining a re-election, in consequence of its interfering with his professional duties. During his membership he took an active part in supporting the various propositions brought before the Legislature, to sustain the war, and to assist the Government in bringing it to a successful close.

In 1821, he was appointed, by the Governor of Ohio, one of the Supreme Judges of the State, and was subsequently elected by the Legislature to the same office, in which he continued, discharging its responsible duties, till December, 1828, when he resigned his seat on the bench, and was a few days after elected to the Senate of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gen. Harrison. He at first declined the appointment, having made up his mind to retire from public business; but, on the solicitation of his friends, he yielded to their wishes, on the condition that he should not be considered a candidate for re-election.

Soon after his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court, he was appointed a professor in the Law School of Transylvania University, at Lexington; but he did not accept the appointment, and that institution conferred upon him, unsolicited, the honorary degree of LL. D., and, at a later date, the same degree was conferred upon him by the trustees and faculty of his Alma Mater, at Princeton.

While Judge Burnet was in the Senate, an important bill was introduced by him, and through his exertions passed by Congress, for the relief of those in the West who had become indebted to the Government for land, under the system adopted for the sale of the public domain by the law of 1800. This debt amounted, at the various land offices in the Western States, to twenty-two millions of dollars—a sum far exceeding the ability of the country to pay, and more than the entire amount of money then in circulation in the Western States. Judge Burnet's bill was equitable and satisfactory to all parties, and was effective in practice. The success of the new law relieved the West from the most distressing embarrassment, and the nation from apprehension, as a general bankruptcy throughout the West, and an open resistance to the laws, were feared. The result justified the wisdom of Judge Burnet in originating the method of relief, and urging its passage through Congress.

It was owing to his exertions, while in the Senate, that a grant was obtained of Congress, of about two hundred and fifty sections of land, to furnish the means for the extension of the Miami canal, from Dayton to the Lake, by the Maumee route. But for this, it is not at all likely that the canal, as we now have it, would have been completed. At the close of his term in the Senate, he retired from all active participation in public affairs, and during the latter part of his life was merely a spectator—though an intelligent and interested one—of the practical workings of the institutions which he had taken a prominent part in framing and placing in operation.

Judge Burnet had a strong intellect, and his mind was eminently a practical one, and far removed from encouraging schemes of a merely theoretical or visionary nature. For many years he took an active part in forwarding the various educational, scientific, and benevolent institutions of the city and State, and of several of the most important of them he has been the originator or most important patron. Of our academies and colleges he was always a warm and steadfast friend. He was first President of the old Cincinnati College; one of the founders of the Ohio Medical College, and for many years its President; for years President of the Cincinnati Branch of the U. S. Bank, chartered during the Administration of Mr. Madison; President of the Sacred Music Society; and the first President, and one of the most zealous supporters, of the Astronomical Society, and its efforts to erect the Observatory and purchase its instruments. He was one of those who established the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company Bank, was elected one of its first trustees, and continued in office until the time of his death. He was also the first President of the Ohio Historical Society.

Judge Burnet was a warm supporter of the American Colonization Society, and contributed liberally to its funds. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on the policy of that Society, it will not be denied by any who knew the Judge, that, like the great mass of its friends at the North, he was decidedly Anti-Slavery in his sentiments, and supported the Colonization scheme from the best motives, as having the good of the colored race, bond and free, in view, and not the security or perpetuation of slavery.

In 1847, Judge Burnet published a volume of five hundred pages, entitled "*Notes on the Early Settlement of the Northwestern Territory,*" containing much interesting information, chiefly from his own recollection, as to the early settlement of that part of the Territory now embraced in the State of Ohio, as well as facts and incidents relative to the first settlement of Cincinnati, and its pioneers.

Judge Burnet was a Whig in his political views, supporting the policy in public affairs of which Mr. Clay was the exponent, but was not at any time a violent partisan. Towards his political opponents he was always courteous and tolerant in times of the greatest political excitement. He was a warm personal friend of General Harrison, and it was owing mainly to his exertions in the Harrisburgh Convention, that he was nominated by the Whigs for the Presidency.

The Burnet House, well known abroad as the leading hotel of Cincinnati, stands on the site of his old mansion, and was named in honor of him from that circumstance, as well as from his being a large holder of the stock of the company, and one of our oldest and most public-spirited citizens.

Judge Burnet was indeed every way a great man; intellectually, morally, by native talent, education, and public service, he was a man of mark. His private character was as pure as his public life was unsullied; and I cannot better close this brief sketch of his life and services, than by quoting from the speech of Judge Este, made at the Bar meeting the day succeeding his decease.

"In announcing the death of Judge Burnet, there is a propriety in looking upon him in his undisputed character, as the first in rank of the Ohio bar. He came to this country in 1796; and, as a lawyer and distinguished jurist, stood for twenty years without an equal, and without a rival in his profession. * * * * In all his professional and judicial relations, Judge Burnet was the most perfect model of a gentleman, a lawyer, and a noble-minded man. To the Court he was always respectful and dignified; and in his deportment to the bar, he was always courteous and gentlemanly. He was ripe in scholarship, not in a single department only—his mind comprehended a vast and unlimited research of subjects, and during his whole career he was the most industrious, indefatigable, and correct man I ever knew. Whenever you met him in professional business, you found him not only fully acquainted with the matter in hand, but he displayed a profound perception and comprehension of all its principles and relations.

"As a patriot, as a neighbor, as a member of society and of the bar, he was in all his relations one of the most correct, upright, and conservative of men; and in particular he was eminently a man to be governed by the strict principles of law and of justice, and so he continued till his death.

"While we mourn his departure from our midst, we should remember his character as a noble model for our own. When one of the brightest examples of inherent greatness and excellence has passed from earth, we see that the greatest gifts of God are taken from us, and this solemn fact warns us that we must follow in his steps, and admonishes us to prepare to depart, like him, with honor and in peace."

The funeral of Judge Burnet was attended to-day by a large concourse of the citizens, including many of our old residents, the members of the Bar and Courts, and the City Council. Yours,

P.

PENN MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE Fall Session for Females in this Institution will commence September 1st, 1853, and continue near sixteen weeks.

The Faculty, consisting of eight professional Chairs, are liberal and progressive in their medical doctrines—universal in their remedial agents, accepting and receiving good from any and every source and system—but holding allegiance to no distinct *ism, pathy,* or *dogma.* The facilities for acquiring a thorough, practical medical education in this Institution are unequalled in the Union. For Announcements, containing full particulars as to fees, (which are put low,) &c., &c., address, post-paid,

ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, M. D., Dean,
April 21—3t 329 North 12th st., Philadelphia.

CLEVELAND WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE above Establishment still continues in successful operation, having already entered upon its sixth season. The largely increased number of patients treated at the Establishment the past year, over any previous year, and the increased rapidity and proportion of cures, induce the subscriber to believe that his enlarged experience and opportunities for treatment give facilities to the invalid rarely equalled.

Diseases peculiar to females are treated with a success and RAPIDITY of cure believed to be surpassed by none.

T. T. SEELYE, M. D.,
April 21—24t Proprietor.

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MR. H. J. MEYER, 164 William street, New York, having devoted himself entirely to the Book-Publishing Business, intends to dispose at once of his extensive and well-known stock of imported Classical Engravings, at such favorable terms that the whole will prove a very desirable acquisition to some Print-Selling Establishment, or to some person inclined to enter this business.

The stock will not be divided. It comprises a well-proportioned assortment of the following masterpieces:

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NAPOLEON'S Farewell of Fontainebleau.
NAPOLEON'S Return from Elba, two Pendants, 25 in. by 20 in., After H. Vernet, by Kininger.
THE LAST SUPPER, after Leonardo da Vinci, by Amsler, 19 in. by 16 in.
THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST, after Raphael, by Amsler, 19 in. by 16 in.
VENICE, after De Reux, by Müller, 27 in. by 18 in.
THE FIGHT FOR THE FLAG, (Fahnenkampf,) after Cooper and Geiger, 20 in. by 11 in.
THE LACE WORKER, (Spitzenklöpplerin,) after Ringeland, by Kininger, 14 in. by 12 in.
PORTRAIT OF PIUS IX, from Life, by C. Barth, 14 in. by 12 in.
PORTRAIT OF LUTHER, after Luc. Cranach, by F. Müller, 14 in. by 12 in.
PORTRAIT OF MELANCTHON, after Luc. Cranach, by F. Müller, 14 in. by 12 in.
PORTRAIT OF CALVIN, after Holbein, by F. Müller, 14 in. by 12 in., &c., &c.

In all, over 1,500 copies, fresh and superior impressions, on superfine paper.

Arrangements can be made with the purchaser, to secure to him the exclusive importation of the above Engravings, under very acceptable conditions.

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HERRMANN J. MEYER,
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SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME, OR CHEMICAL MANURE.

THE fertilizing effect of this manure has obtained for it a reputation unprecedented in the history of manures, and was patented to its first introducer, by the British Government, about ten years ago. The demand has regularly increased, and now thousands of tons are annually sold to the English and Scotch farmers. This manure is admirably adapted to the crops of the Southern States, being equally potent with Peruvian guano as a fertilizer, not so volatile, and decidedly more permanently beneficial, and costing less.

In manufacturing this Super-Phosphate, the best European and American recipes, as well as eminent chemists, have been consulted for improvement. By means of guano, &c., a large quantity of ammonia is added to the Super-Phosphate.

Agents. — Haskell, Merrick, & Bull, Drug Merchants, No. 10 Gold street, New York. The character of this house over the Union will be an ample guarantee that they believe this article pure and genuine. Robert Buist, Nurseryman and Florist, No. 97 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

It is put up in bags of 50, 100, and 150 lbs. each, branded "No. 1 Super-Phosphate of Lime, manufactured and sold by William Paterson, Division st. Wharf, Newark, N. J.," to whom, or agents, orders sent with cash or satisfactory references here, at N. York, or Philadelphia, will be promptly executed.

April 7—4t WILLIAM PATERSON.

Directions for use. — To fertilize and recruit exhausted soil, 300 or 500 pounds to the acre, and ploughed in, is ample. It may be mixed with sawdust or pulverized charcoal or plaster, along with seeds—three ounces to each hill of plants. Avoid its coming in contact with lime or wood ashes.

ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL INSTITUTE,
Springfield, Mass.

IN this Institution, young Ladies and Gentlemen receive *thorough* instruction in all the studies usually pursued in the best seminaries in New England. Catalogues sent to those desiring them.

E. D. BANGS, Principal.
Court street, Feb. 22, 1853.—March 3—8t

PATENT AGENCY—ESTABLISHED IN 1820.

WILLIAM P. ELLIOT, formerly of the Patent Office, continues to act as Solicitor for American and Foreign Patents, and Attorney for the transaction of all business connected with the United States Patent Office, at his Agency, directly opposite the main entrance of the Patent Office Building, Washington, D. C. April 21—10t

LAND WARRANTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

ALL Warrants sold by us are guarantied in every particular, without limit as to time. Orders from the West are solicited and filled at best rates. Persons sending us Warrants by mail, will receive prompt returns, at the highest market price.

HARRIS COWLES & CO.,
Nos. 9 and 11 Kilby st.,
May 12—12t Boston, Mass.

STAR AND ADAMANTINE CANDLES, AND LARD OIL.

LARD OIL of the finest quality, in good shipping order. Star and Adamantine Candles, *full* weight, 16 ounces to the pound. These candles are excellent for all climates, especially California, Brazil, the East and West Indies, and Africa. Orders for any quantity executed promptly.

THOMAS EMERY, Lard Oil and Star
March 24. Candle Manufacturer, Cincinnati, O.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Fourth Annual Session.

THE next session of this institution will commence on September 1st, 1853, and close on the 31st of January, 1854.

The session has been lengthened from four and a half to five months. This has been done in consequence of a determination, on the part of the Faculty, to render the course of instruction given by them as thorough and complete as that given in any Medical College in the country.

Persons wishing copies of the Announcement, or desirous of further information, will please apply, personally or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty,

DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.,
March 17—tf 229 Arch st., Philadelphia.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR—VOL. IX.
For Children and Sabbath Schools.
BY UNCLE LUCIUS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY paper, which aims to interest and inform the young mind. Special effort is made to give a proper direction to the minds of children, in these times of strife for the supremacy of slavery. Price—25 cents for single copies, five copies for $1, $12 per hundred. A specimen number, free of charge, will be sent to any person.

LUCIUS C. MATLACK, Editor and Publisher,
Mar. 24—3m 60 South Salina st., Syracuse, N. Y.

FROM 500 TO 2,000 PER CENT.

TO be made in a business suited to both sexes, and of general use. One dollar is enough to begin with, and effort will insure success. Any person may engage in this business, at home or abroad, by sending his name, post office address, and $1, in *brown* envelope, post paid, to M. I. COOK, Crawfordsville, Ind.

April 7—16t

BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will alleviate any irritation of the bronchial tubes, hoarseness, or other impediments of the voice, whether produced by cold, influenza, or any unusual exertion of the vocal organs in public speaking or singing. Public speakers and vocalists will find these Lozenges serviceable for clearing the voice.

Put up by JOHN J. BROWN & SON, Boston; and for sale in New York by JOHN MEAKIM; Philadelphia, FREDERICK BROWN; Washington, ESPEY & MORRISON, Agents for the District of Columbia, Corner of E and Seventh streets. April 14.

CHOCOLATE, COCOA, AND BROMA.

W. BAKER & CO.'S American and Vanilla Premium Chocolates, Cocoa, and Broma, to which first premiums have been awarded by the chief Institutes and Fairs of the Union, are for sale by all the principal grocers in the United States, and by their agents—

Hussey & Murray, New York; Grant & Twells, Philadelphia; Thomas V. Brundige, Baltimore; Kennet & Dudley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WALTER BAKER & CO.,
April 14—4t Dorchester, Mass.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST,

A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER, published weekly, at Utica, New York, is the organ of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, and the only Baptist newspaper in the United States advocating the principle of non-fellowship with slaveholders, either in ecclesiastical or in voluntary missionary organizations. Terms — $1.50 per annum, in advance; or, if payment be delayed three months, $2 per annum. Address WAREHAM WALKER,

April 28—8t Editor and Publishing Agent.

WHITE SLAVERY IN THE BARBARY STATES.

BY HON. CHARLES SUMNER. With 40 splendid illustrations by Billings, engraved by Baker & Smith. It makes a beautiful 16mo volume of about 140 pages, bound in cloth, thin boards, printed in the most elegant style, on the best paper.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Territory of the Barbary States. The Subject and Sources of Information.

I. *Origin of Slavery.* Slavery in the Barbary States.
II. *History of White Slavery in Barbary;* Early Efforts against it—by Ferdinand the Catholic, by Charles V, by England, by France, by Holland; Freedom by *Redemption;* Freedom by *Conspiracy;* Freedom by *Escape;* White American Victims to Barbary; Parallel between White and Black Slavery; Triumphant Abolition of White Slavery.
III. *True Character of White Slavery in Barbary;* Apologies for White Slavery; Happy Condition of the White Slaves; Better off in Barbary than at Home; Better off than the Free Christians in Barbary; Nevertheless, Unquestionable Enormity of White Slavery in Barbary. Conclusion. Price 50 cts.; postage 12 cts.

For sale by LEWIS CLEPHANE,
March 31. Office National Era.

SUGAR CREEK FALLS WATER CURE.
Tuscarawas County, Ohio.

THIS Institution, under the charge of Drs. Frease, is situated twelve miles south of Massillon. The success which has thus far attended our efforts to heal, enables us to appeal with confidence to the afflicted. Of this Cure, Dr. Nichols, principal of the American Hydropathic Institute, and editor of Nichols' Health Journal, says:

"Dr. Frease, a most thorough and energetic physician, has a Water Cure at Sugar Creek Falls, Ohio. His terms are moderate, yet there are few places we could recommend with greater confidence."

Terms—From five to eight dollars per week, payable weekly in advance. Address,

DR. S. FREASE, Deardorff's Mills,
April 28—6t Tuscarawas, Ohio.

HALLETT, DAVIS, & CO.'S ÆOLIAN AND LEM. GILBERT'S BOUDOIR PIANO FORTES.

New York Ware Rooms at T. S. Berry & Co.'s, 297 Broadway; Philadelphia Ware Rooms at J. E. Gould & Co.'s, (successors to A. Fiot,) 196 Chestnut street.

BEING determined to offer the public the best Piano Fortes that are manufactured, we have arranged with the above-named Boston manufacturers, to keep constantly on hand at our ware rooms in New York and Philadelphia, in addition to our stock of New York and Philadelphia Pianos, a full and well-selected assortment of their celebrated Pianos.

Messrs. Hallett, Davis, & Co. have been long and favorably known as manufacturers, whose Pianos, for volume, purity, depth and sweetness of tone, and for the great length of time they would stand in tune, could not be excelled. They have recently introduced the "grand patent suspension bridge," which imparts the firmness and volume of tone of the Grand Piano. Their Æolian, having the latest and most improved voicing, is pronounced superior to any other. There is no instrument so desirable for the parlor as their Æolian Piano Forte, combining all the beauty, brilliancy, and soul-touching pathos of the piano and parlor organ.

Of Lemuel Gilbert's Boudoir Pianos it is only necessary to say, that by a series of experiments continued for eight years, he has triumphantly succeeded in making an instrument for small rooms, fully equal to the square piano.

All of the above instruments warranted in the fullest manner. The prices, at either of our ware rooms, the same as at the manufactories in Boston. We will select instruments with or without the Æolian, and forward them to any part of the United States; and if they do not prove satisfactory, they may be returned at our expense, and the purchase money will be refunded.

We are engaged largely in publishing Music and Musical Works of every description, at both New York and Philadelphia; and having purchased the extensive catalogue of Mr. A. Fiot of Philadelphia, and having all the Boston publications, we are prepared to offer better inducements to the trade, and to schools and seminaries, than any other house.

We also keep a large assortment of second-hand Pianos and Melodeons, for rent or sale.

T. S. BERRY & CO., 297 Broadway, N. York
J. E. GOULD & CO., successors to A. Fiot,
March 24—tf 196 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE OF SLAVERY!
Twelve Years a Slave!

THE NARRATIVE OF SOLOMON NORTHUP, a Citizen of New York, Kidnapped and Sold into Slavery, in Washington City, in 1841, and Rescued in 1853, from a Cotton Plantation near the Red River, in Louisiana, with *six illustrations,* representing—

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4. The staking out and flogging of the girl Patsey.
5. Scene of the Rescue in the cotton field.
6. Arrival home, and first meeting with his wife and children.

The above work is now in press, and will contain upwards of 300 pages, in one 12mo volume, and sold at the price of $1. A large portion of the net proceeds is secured to Solomon.

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DERBY & MILLER, Publishers,
Auburn, N. Y.; or
DERBY, ORTON, & MULLIGAN,
April 21—3t Buffalo, N. Y.

AUSTRALIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

THE Company's magnificent new steamship GOLDEN AGE, 3,000 tons, will be dispatched for Port Philip, Melbourne, and Sydney, Australia, about the 15th of June. This steamship is of the size and strength, and in every way equal to the Collins line of steamers, being 300 feet in length, 43 feet beam, and 32 feet hold. She is double diagonally braced, with iron bars, and every improvement that experience and science can suggest has been adopted. Her accommodations for first, second, and third class passengers are believed to be superior to any steamer ever built. Her model is unequalled, and it is confidently expected that she will make the trip from New York to Australia within 50 days, stopping only at the Cape of Good Hope to coal. Passengers may rely that every attention will be paid to their wants, and that the ship will be liberally supplied with every comfort. An experienced surgeon will be attached to the ship.

Rates of Fare. — First cabin, ladies saloon, $375; first cabin, upper saloon, $350; second cabin, lower saloon, $275; third class, forward, $200. Children under twelve years of age, half price. Eight cubic feet of baggage allowed each passenger, not exceeding 200 pounds in weight. Books are now open. A remittance of one half the amount will secure a berth; balance to be paid within 30 days before the time of sailing. For freight or passage, apply at the office of the Company, or to J. HOWARD & SON,

March 24—15t Agents, 34 Broadway, N. York.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

TO cure a cold, with headache and soreness of the body, take the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, and wrap up warm, to sweat during the night.

For a cold and cough, take it morning, noon, and evening, according to directions on the bottle and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble, when they find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a seated cough, which breaks them of their rest at night, will find, by taking the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, they may be sure of sound, unbroken sleep, and consequently refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering, and an ultimate cure, is afforded to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.

From its agreeable effect in these cases, many find themselves unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.

From two eminent Physicians in Fayetteville, Tenn.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN., *April* 16, 1851.

SIR: We have given your Cherry Pectoral an extensive trial in our practice, and find it to surpass every other remedy we have for curing affections of the respiratory organs.

DRS. DIEMER & HAMPTON.

To singers and public speakers this remedy is invaluable, as by its action on the throat and lungs, when taken in small quantities, it removes all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

Asthma is generally much relieved, and often wholly cured, by Cherry Pectoral. But there are some cases so obstinate as to yield entirely to no medicine. Cherry Pectoral will cure them, if they can be cured.

Bronchitis, or irritation of the throat and upper portion of the lungs, may be cured by taking Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses. The uncomfortable oppression is soon relieved.

Rev. Dr. Lansing, of Brooklyn, New York, states:

"I have seen the Cherry Pectoral cure such cases of asthma and bronchitis as leads me to believe it can rarely fail to cure those diseases."

For croup, give an emetic of antimony, to be followed by large and frequent doses of the Cherry Pectoral, until it subdues the disease. If taken in season, it will not fail to cure.

Whooping cough may be broken up and soon cured by the use of Cherry Pectoral.

The influenza is speedily removed by this remedy. Numerous instances have been noticed where whole families were protected from any serious consequences, whilst their neighbors, without the Cherry Pectoral, were suffering from the disease.

SALEM, OHIO, *June* 11, 1851.

I write to inform you of the truly remarkable effects of your Cherry Pectoral in this place and in my own family. One of my daughters was completely cured in three days of a dreadful whooping cough, by taking it. Dr. Means, one of our very best physicians, freely states that he considers it the best remedy we have for pulmonary diseases, and that he has cured more cases of croup with it than any other medicine he ever administered.

Our clergyman of the Baptist church says that during the run of influenza here this season, he has seen cures from your medicine he could scarcely have believed without seeing. Yours, respectfully,

J. D. SINCLAIR, *Deputy Postmaster.*

Dr. J. C. AYER.

From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College.

BRUNSWICK, ME., *February* 5, 1847.

I have found the Cherry Pectoral, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds, and coughs, and pulmonary diseases. PARKER CLEVELAND, M. D.

Dr Valentine Mott the widely celebrated Professor of Surgery in the Medical College, New York city, says:

"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I consider peculiarly adapted to cure diseases of the throat and lungs."

Cures of severe diseases upon the lungs have been effected by Cherry Pectoral, in such extreme cases as warrant the belief that a remedy has at length been found, that can be depended on to cure the coughs, colds, and consumption, which carry from our midst thousands every year. It is indeed a medicine to which the afflicted can look with confidence for relief, and they should not fail to avail themselves of it.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists and Apothecaries everywhere. Jan. 13

B. E. BORDEN,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, Woonsocket, Rhode Island. Jan. 6—3m